

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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EDMONTON, 39 Howard Ave.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1909.

CALGARY, First Street, E.

No. 43

October 1st, 1909.

When fifty years have passed away,
With shortened pace and whitened locks,
On some great celebration day
You join the crowd that idly flocks
To see the stately pageant pass
And hear Alberta's praises sung,
What joy to tell, O lad! O lass!
Of days when it and you were young.

When in the storied pile that rears
Its height above Saskatchewan's stream,
The ripe fruition of the years
Is many a fine oration's theme.
Its corner stone will memories bring
Of one gold-bright October day,
When fancy, faith and hope took wing
Under the eloquence of Grey.

When this is as a tale that's told,
God grant our dreams have all proved true,
And may the self-same spirit hold
As now in morning's rosy hue!
If wisdom guide our steps aright,
What can our eager course retard?
Alberta! land of glorious light!
What heritage is thine to guard?

W.

Note and Comment

The ceremonies in connection with the laying of the corner stone of Alberta's new parliament buildings were well conceived and well carried out. Everything conspired to make the occasion a notable one. The weather was of Sunny Alberta's best. All parts of the province were well represented in the immense throng that gathered. Earl Grey's term of office was recently extended for another year so we had with us, as the representative of the Crown, a man who has brought to the duties of his high office most exceptional qualities. On Friday his address was superb. Since Confederation two men have occupied the post of Governor-General who have fully measured up to its requirements. One was Lord Dufferin and the other our visitor of the past week. It has often been stated that the occupant of Rideau Hall was a mere figure-head and that a pleasant spoken nonentity could discharge the duties quite as well as a man of high intellectual calibre. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Governor-general in ordinary times has no personal part to play in the governing of the country. Like the King, for whom he acts, he is, in politics, purely a reserve force, the importance of which, however, should not be minimized because only occasionally it comes into play. No one can study the history of our own and the institutions of other countries without realizing how much the stability of our form of government is due to the fact that back of it all stands the Crown.

But leaving this aside, we must recognize that there is a great deal in a country's life besides practical politics. There are times when the head of the state must voice what is in the hearts of the people, there are a thousand ways in which without touching upon matters of controversy he can stimulate patriotic instincts and point the way to high national ideals. Lord Grey, and Lord Dufferin before him, have taken their duties seriously and to him who is still with us we shall always feel under a great sense of obligation, while the memory of the other will ever be cherished.

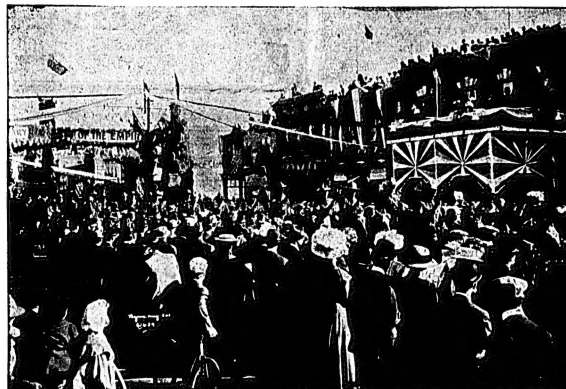
Alberta will have especial reason to remember Earl Grey. He was with us when we started on our autonomous career and from that time we have never been in doubt as to his keen interest in our future. It is hardly likely that he shall have another visit from him before his term expires. We can only hope that the very foolish unwritten rule that a Governor-General is not to return to a country after he has retired from the office, will be paid no attention to by him and that from time to time he may revisit us to see for himself the evidences of the progress of which he has been so eloquent a proponent.

Among the other visitors for the corner stone laying, a very hearty welcome was given to Premier Scott of the sister province of Saskatchewan in the welfare of which Alberta's interest will always be

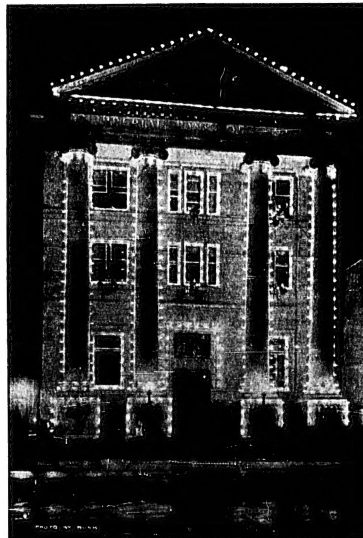
The Laying of the Corner Stone



The ceremony at the parliament buildings. Earl Grey is seen to the left of the picture with the trowel in his hand. Premier Rutherford is beside him. Hon. W. H. Cushing is bending over facing the reader. The stone is to the right.



The procession passing before the reviewing stand at the Yalo Hotel, where Earl Grey and Party watched the parade



The Imperial Bank at night. On page nine an extended reference is made to the extreme beauty of the electrical illuminations of this fine building. The work was done by the Burnham-Frith Electric Co. and that well-known firm was the recipient of many congratulations on the success of its effort.

of the keenest possible character and of Hon. I. B. Lucas, one of the bright men whom Sir James Whitney has gathered about him in Ontario. Mr. Lucas' cheery message of greeting from the old province evoked a response which indicated that enthusiasm for Alberta has not driven out the old-time affection for the premier member of confederation in the hearts of the thousands of those whom she has contributed to the building up of this young giant of the west.

Now that the corner stone is well and truly laid, let us hope that the good work will be followed up by more rapid construction than that which has taken place up to the present. A cut of the buildings at Regina shows that the steel work is up to the fourth storey and operations were commenced at a later date there than in Edmonton.

The old timers are, of course, in a sense becoming accustomed to scenes such as those of last week. But the wonderment of it all does not cease. Lord Strathcona gave expression to their feelings in a speech which he delivered the other day before the Canadian Club at Montreal on his return from his trip to the West and preparatory to sailing for England, where we learn he has since arrived none the worse for having taken what was nothing short of a stupendous journey for a man bordering on ninety years. Speaking at Montreal he said:

"That great Northwest—not to speak of the eastern provinces—is a fabric of but yesterday, yet already it enjoys all the necessities of civilization which go to make life enjoyable in a social way. Winnipeg, which 40 years ago was part of that great domain of the Hudson's Bay Company known as Prince Rupert's land, a country given up to the chase and the home of the Indian and the trapper, where not a single bushel of wheat was grown for export, and very little for the sustenance of those who lived there—Winnipeg, I say, which did not exist 40 years ago, now has a population of 130,000. Further west is the city of Calgary, which within my recollection was noted as being, I think it was, Whiskey Point. Here the wandering Indian and the wandering Canadian and the wandering American came for liquor—and let us hope at any rate that it was good Scotch whiskey.

Further on we find ourselves in that great Pacific province which was once spoken of in ridicule as a sea of mountains. Twenty odd years ago, where only a saw mill broke the monotony of the forest, there is now the city of Vancouver with upwards of 100,000 inhabitants, and all the accessories of civilization which go to make life enjoyable. Go on to the island of Vancouver, and there you see the fine city of Victoria, also in the line of progress.

Come back to Calgary and strike north to Edmonton, and there you see one of the most beautiful cities in the whole of Canada, looking down on that grand river the Saskatchewan—a city where already they have a population of 20,000 or so, and a university in course of inauguration. That university is, I believe, the newest of the present day, and I am proud to say that I have been put on its rolls as a doctor of laws."

Mr. J. B. Walker, superintendent of immigration at Winnipeg, has made the suggestion that the manufacturers of the East should have their annual "shut-downs" at such a time as to enable their employees to come west and help harvest the crop. That is all very well as far as it goes, but the remedy for the scarcity of labor that has handicapped so many western farmers this year will have to be found in the West itself. Those who take the annual excursions from the East do not do so as a rule because of the money that they can earn in a few weeks but because they get an opportunity of looking about for land for themselves. This cannot last indefinitely and each year will make the problem of securing adequate help a more difficult one. What is required is that the farmer should go more extensively into other branches of agricultural activity than grain growing and so give more employment to help the year round. In this way we shall have those who assist on the farms as permanent citizens and at the same time conserve the resources of the soil and make the calling less a speculative one than it is at present.

Reference was made last week to the strength of low tariff sentiment in the Conservative ranks, as evidenced by the recent declaration of the Kingston Standard and other party newspapers. During the past week there has been even a more significant

(Continued on Page Two.)

The Saturday News

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NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from Page One.)

vote-face. The Toronto News, which for some time back, has been preaching high protectionism very consistently and the editor of which made a speech at the Manufacturers' meeting the other day which caused many to wonder how he reconciled his views with those he used to express while editor of the Globe, came out with this surprising statement:

"There is no doubt that the mass of the Conservative party are opposed to any general increase of customs duties. They recognize that the present tariff which is practically the old Foster tariff, gives adequate protection to legitimate Canadian industries. If returned to office, therefore, the Conservative leaders would not revise the tariff upwards, and very probably would revise it downward at least as radically as the Liberal government is likely to do. Low tariff sentiment is powerful amongst Conservatives in the Western Provinces and the Western representatives constitute a vigorous fighting element in the Conservative Parliamentary party. Moreover the Conservatives of the older provinces pretty generally recognize that the present tariff is as high as protectionists have a right to demand, if, indeed, in some cases, it is not excessive."

This looks like the precursor of something new in the way of an official party announcement and is calculated to make government supporters sit up and take notice. In the Liberal ranks there are many hundreds of men, the backbone of the party, who have been restive on tariff matters for years back. This new move is bound to strengthen their hands. Even the Brantford Expositor, an old-time Liberal journal, one of the very best of them, but which has been forced, in a measure, to shape its fiscal views in accordance with the high tariff sentiment prevailing in its own city, a strong manufacturing centre, has this to say of the News' article:

"Language of this kind sounds strange when emanating from a party which not so long ago nailed 'adequate protection' to its mast-head, and will give a violent jolt to the high protectionists like Mr. W. F. Cockshutt, of this city."

"Nevertheless, a wholesome truth is told, which the Conservatives of the Dominion have been slow to recognize. Ontario is no longer the Dominion, and no party can hope to win in this country which has not a policy which is broadly Canadian in character."

This last sentence can stand plenty of repetition. The political leader with his ear to the ground must realize in what quarter voting strength will lie in the immediate future and govern himself accordingly.

After taking careful note of this tack on the part of the News, read the following from a Western Conservative newspaper, the Regina West, and ask yourself if trouble is not brewing for both parties over this vital issue:

"Instead of all protectionists being on the side of the Conservative party, one finds that many of the manufacturers who benefit most from the tariff, are high in the councils of the Liberal party. For example there is Hon. L. M. Jones, a person very prominent in the management of the Massey-Harris Company. There is no more thorough-going Grit in the Dominion than he; he has

strong influence in the party councils and is a particular friend of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He is one of those who declared long ago that the tariff was a dead issue. Why? Because the agricultural implements which his firm manufactures are so well protected by the present tariff that there is no kick coming. So highly are these articles protected that some of them are sold in England for thirty per cent. less than in this country. So much for Hon. L. M. Jones, the highly benefitted Liberal manufacturer, who is satisfied with the tariff.

"Thus one could go down the list of leading Liberals who are satisfied with the tariff. Would they be satisfied if it did not suit them? By no means. Who today complains? It is the farmer, not the manufacturer."

"Do the Liberals in the Canadian steel trust object to the system of bounties which have been introduced and perfected by the Laurier government, by which they are enabled to lay down in India and Australia steel rails for \$4 and \$5 a ton less than they are sold in this country where they are produced? No, the Liberals in the steel industry do not complain: they are perfectly satisfied."

The majority of these Liberals do object, but circum stances have been such within the past few years that their objections have been of no avail.

A most regrettable aftermath of a splendid growing season is the devastation that has been caused by prairie and bush fires. Much property loss has been sustained and several persons have perished. A little girl was burned to death near Vegreville some two weeks ago. A woman and her two children fell victims in the Stettler district and a rancher near Gleichen. The forest reserve on the slope of the Rockies is suffering severely. These days of glorious sunshine are all very well for celebration purposes and the flowers still blooming in the city gardens are a source of very justifiable pride, but what we need at the present moment is a good old-fashioned snow-storm.

Strathcona constituency is working up a reputation for close convention struggles. When the late Dr. McIntyre was first nominated, he defeated Mr. George W. Smith, of Red Deer, by a single vote. On Thursday last Mr. J. M. Douglas of Strathcona city, was nominated as the Liberal standard bearer in the late member's place by one vote, the last ballot being contested by Mr. Dennis Twomey, of Camrose, who was in the lead on all the other ballots. On the seventh, Mr. Douglas and Mr. Marks, of Leduc, were a tie, the eighth resulting in the latter's name being dropped. The strength shown by both Mr. Twomey and Mr. Marks was not expected and was clear evidence of how they are regarded in the districts where they are best known.

Mr. Douglas has been a public-spirited citizen of Strathcona for a dozen years back, and is a successful business man but what brought him the nomination was above all the character which he has won himself for square and honest dealing. This counts for much, even in politics.

If you were a "bargain hunter" you would be a regular reader of the Saturday News.

Nurse (announcing the expected Professor, it's a little boy Professor (absent-mindedly)—Well, ask him what he wants—Boston Transcript

Mistress—Bridget, it always seems to me that the crankiest mistresses get the best cooks. Cook—Ah, go on wid yer blarney!—Town Topics.

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Edison's Picture of the Future of the Aeroplane.

(Allan L. Benson, in the New York Times.)

While the world slept on the night of July 27th the ocean cables and the land wires silently carried wonderful stories of the air. Latham had fallen into the English Channel again, one of the Wright brothers had broken a world's record by remaining aloft with a passenger 72 minutes and 40 seconds; \$5000 had been paid to Blériot for flying from Calais to Dover. And when the newspapers came out the next morning, all the world marveled.

So did all the world marvel when Stephenson's "Rocket" drew the first train of cars. The Maryland farmers crowded around the puffing wonder. Who had ever seen such a sight before? No one. It was an absolutely new spectacle on the face of the earth. Eight miles an hour and not a leg muscle moved to make the miles. Yet it did not faze the man who saw the creeping coaches, or a man who read about them, dreamed of the railroad as it is to-day. They could not picture whole continents networked with rails, and the ten car train that plunges into the tunnel of night and comes out in the morning 800 miles away, was beyond their horizon.

That's the way of the world. For the most part it lacks imagination. It sees only that which is. Granting that Adam and Eve ever lived, probably they thought their first child was always going to remain a baby. But Edison has imagination. The electric light blazed in his brain long before the time when the stupidest man could turn the button of a switch and make it blaze for him. And therefore it was to Edison that I went to ask these questions:

"What is the meaning of all the columns about aviation in the news papers? Is the world, without realizing it, passing into one of its most wonderful eras? Notwithstanding all our chatter about flying machines, are we not a great deal like the Maryland farmers who chattered about the 'Rocket'—and has the wildest imagination ever approximated what is to come?"

Edison when I went to him was working around a model of a cement house that he will soon begin pouring by the million. Perhaps that explains his first remark and the smile that accompanied it.

"A flying machine," he said, "is not exactly my line. I am keeping more closely to the earth. I have lowered a hand to the floor and waved it horizontally. 'I worked on a flying machine but once and that was years ago.'"

Then his face suddenly became serious.

"But we are face to face with aerial navigation, and I am continuing, 'face to face with it on a scale of which we have never dreamed. In ten years flying machines will be used to carry the mails. They'll carry passengers, too. They will go at a speed of 100 miles an hour. There is no doubt of it. Anything within reason can be accomplished. The commercially successful flying machine is within reason. Ask me if a man can jump from the earth to the moon and I will answer 'No,' because it is not within reason. But the flying machine—that's different. It's got to come."

"I never saw an invention develop more rapidly. I wish mine could come that way—mine come hard. Some way or other, I feel that the very fact that a flying machine is coming so easily is proof that the present experimenters with the aeroplane are on the wrong track. Years ago I knew a wise old man in the steel business who told me that whenever he reached the conclusion that a very hard piece of steel, for instance, was the proper thing to use for a certain purpose, he instantly tried to do the thing he wanted to do with a soft piece of steel. My own experience has tended to confirm his conclusion—that the easy way to do a thing is always the wrong way. And I have observed everywhere in nature that the most valuable thing is that which requires the most work to produce. The best cotton is the hardest to raise, the best wheat the most difficult to grow and so on."

Edison was no longer smiling—except at the intervals. For the most part he was as serious as a man can be. We were sitting at a large table in the huge room in which he works at his laboratory in West Orange, N.J. Other men would call it their office. I don't know who he called it. It didn't look like an office. It was as big as the ground floor of an ordinary house. The inside of the

roof was the ceiling. The afternoon sun fell across a three-foot globe that stood near the window. Near it was a perfect model of the cement house that he believes will solve the housing problem and solve it forever. Over it in another corner was his desk.

"My criticism of the aeroplane type of flying machine," he continued, "is that it is a machine for sports. The flying problem now consists of 75 per cent. machine and 25 per cent. man. That's not right. The commercially successful flying machine must be a device that any man of intelligence can learn to operate within a reasonable time; and, having learned, the performance of the machine must be certain, sure. Little or nothing must be left to the peculiar skill of the operator. And it must not be a machine that can go out only when the wind is just so. It must be a machine that can go out when the time table says it should go, regardless of weather conditions."

"I don't believe the aeroplane will ever measure up to these requirements. I think the principle upon which it is built is wrong. Too much power is necessary to sustain it. An enormous amount of force is required to drive an inclined plane against the air so rapidly that it will rise and carry weight."

He was asked to give his idea of what a flying machine should be. "If I were to build a machine," he replied, "I would plan to sustain it by means of rapidly revolving inclined planes, the effect of which would be to raise the machine by compressing the air between the planes and the earth. Such a machine would rise from the ground as a bird rises. Then I would drive the machine ahead with a propeller. 'Oh, yes, I read in the newspapers only the other day that somebody had succeeded in flying eight miles with such a machine.' I don't know who the man was."

Then we went back to Edison's prophecy that within ten years the United States government would be using big machines to carry mails. I asked him how big he thought such machines would be.

"They'll be small," he replied, "just as small as they can be and do their business. The smaller they are the less resistance they will offer to the air. But they will have powerful engines and will go at great speed."

"How great?"

"Oh, 100 miles an hour at any rate. Eventually they will go at a great deal faster. Travelling in the air is not like travelling on the earth. The air offers comparatively little resistance. Put the power into a machine and you can get almost any speed you want. But while the flying machine will be very fast it will never be a great weight carrier. It will be used for mails but not for freight."

Harrison does not weigh more than two large mail sacks so I asked Edison what Harrison would be like to do ten years hence if he were in San Francisco he desired to reach New York in the shortest possible time, as he did in May, 1909, when he came through on a special train in 71 hours and 27 minutes.

"He would probably take a flying machine," he replied "and come home. The flying machine is going to be used for passenger business. Traffic will continue to carry the bulk of the traffic, but ten years from now, if a man wants to go in a hurry, and can pay the price, he will go through the air. Nor will he be in any more danger than as if he were travelling on a train. He may be killed, just as one may be killed on a railroad, but he will be in no great danger. We now put fenders on street cars to prevent them from killing pedestrians, and in the same manner we shall equip flying machines with a safety device by means of which they will descend slowly to the ground in the event of any damage to the machinery. The flying machine need not be especially dangerous to human life and will not be."

All the while Edison was speaking he was talking about power, power, power! If an engine could be invented that would give vastly more power to each pound great things could be done. The question of power seemed to take precedence in his mind over the question of type, strongly as he holds the belief that the aeroplane is the wrong type. So I asked him how power could best be put behind the planes. The first question was this:

"Isn't it thinkable that a method will yet be discovered of wirelessly transmitting electrical energy from

the earth to the motor of a machine in mid-air?"

"Yes, it is," he replied, "I don't know how to do it, but there is no reason to believe it cannot be done and will not some day be done. Of course if such a method could be discovered tomorrow the power question of aerial flight would be settled at once. The world has practically no limit to the amount of energy that might be put behind a machine, and therefore no limit within reason, to the speed that might be attained. But until this discovery is made the aviators will have to get along with some kind of explosive engine. Yet there is a room for improvement in explosive engines. Now they are exploding gasoline in the cylinders. Gasoline is pretty explosive but other things are more so. I heard the other day that someone was experimenting with picric acid. If picric acid can be made to work it will go far toward solving the problem of power so far as it pertains to the flying machine. And any morning we are likely to pick up the papers and read that somebody has made picric acid or something else work—done some little thing that will transform the flying machine from the toy of sports into a serious business."

Here Edison's mind went back over the trail of other years. He told about the time when Roentgen discovered his wonderful X-rays. The cables brought over the news and the morning papers printed it. A New York newspaper reporter called upon Edison to ask him if he credited the reports. Edison told him he did. Roentgen was a reliable man, if he said he had done a thing, he had done it. The newspaper man went back and published the story.

"As soon as the article was printed," said Edison, "about twenty newspaper men came over from New York. They found me at work trying to get the rays Roentgen had seen. Enough had been printed to give me an idea of how he had done it. And after working two nights and two days I succeeded. Those newspaper men stayed here for two weeks. Edison told the story to illustrate the suddenness with which news of the most amazing discoveries now breaks upon the world. Any day, he said again and again, might bring news that would revolutionize flying machine construction and give the machine its place among commercial successes."

"Somebody will soon discover what is needed," he said, "The science of aerial navigation is making astounding progress. In ten years there will be plenty of flying machines—lots of them."

I next asked Edison if he believed the invention and development of the flying machine would have an effect upon civilization that might justly be compared with the invention and development of the steam engine.

He didn't answer right away. When he did speak he spoke slowly.

"I don't know," he replied, "The possibilities of the flying machine are too great for me to be sure that I comprehend them. The effect of the flying machine upon civilization may largely depend upon what the flying machine can do in war."

"Some day it is going to be impossible to conduct wars. Up to this time we have gone on making the armor-plate that no projectile could pierce and following it with the projectile that could pierce any armor-plate. That can't go on forever. The time is coming when a means of attack will be discovered that cannot be resisted."

"I am not sure that the flying machine is not going to cause things that means of attack. If so it will be the greatest discovery, so far as its effects upon civilization is concerned, in the history of the world. It will end war, for there can be no war where there is no means of defence. The nations will come trooping into The Hague so rapidly that Carnegie would have to build an addition to the Peace Temple."

The last sentence was said with a smile. He added, wrinkling up his face with apparent disgust:

"War—this killing people—is bad business. The only war we want is commercial war."

Passing from flying machines to inventions in general, Edison was asked, whether, in his opinion, the inventive age, that dawned a century ago, would wane, at least for a time—or whether it would go on, gathering speed as it goes.

"It will go on," he replied, "We have just begun to discover things. What we know is only the smallest amount of what there is to know. Oh, we know nothing—nothing. Forces are in operation all around us of which we have no knowledge. We have but five senses. If a force happens to become translated into a form that enables us with one of our senses to become aware of it, we become conscious of the existence of the force. Otherwise we do not. Just think what we might find if we

should develop two more senses! None of us would know this world if we were to come back here in 100 years. Invention is going to bring about such changes as the mind can hardly conceive. And invention and discovery are going on forever."

Edison was asked what part he believed necessarily played in invention—whether by human needs, even though a people were unconscious of them, did not act upon inventive minds, spurring them on.

He didn't think so. He said nobody was clamoring for a better light than gaslight when he invented the electric light.

"Ninety-seven per cent. of the energy that is used to make electric light is also wasted," he added, "but it's a better light than gas can give."

While Edison was setting forth his views in opposition to the aeroplane type of flying machine, he told a story to explain why he had gone out of his sphere, so to speak, to criticize the plan of a contrivance that can actually fly.

"When I was a boy selling newspapers and peanuts on the trains between Detroit and Port Huron," he said, "I used to go to the Detroit Free Press office to get papers. That was during the civil war. If there had just been a battle I sometimes used to get proofs of the headings."

"One day a printer had just finished making a number of proofs and set the galley of type back in its place. I thought I would help him by smoothing the type down with my hand. As a result I 'pied' the type."

"When the printer saw what I had done he took me by the coat collar and spanked me all the way down stairs. I made up my mind then that I would never again do another thing for which I could not give a good reason."

"I am quite sure I have a good reason for believing the aeroplane type of flying machine will soon be succeeded by something infinitely better."

Such are Edison's views of the flying machine and of the future of invention. He has imagination. He can see. His horizon is far off. He realizes only too plainly that we "know nothing—nothing." Yet he believes that we shall ultimately know all. "Anything within reason can be accomplished," he says, "and invention will go on forever, with increasing rapidity."

Contrast him with Morse, the inventor of the telegraph.

Morse invented a very simple device that was destined to produce the greatest consequences. When he was ready to send his first message he wrote out this:

"What hath God wrought?"

He was overcome with humility. The marvellous, the wonderful, had happened. He had discovered that the making and the breaking of an electrical circuit would move a piece of metal far away.

Edison, inventor of big things, that have had big consequences, projects his mind to Fort Myer and the English Channel, see the soaring aeroplanes, and says:

"Fine business. Keep on. You're doing well. In ten years at most you will have flying machines that will be truly wonderful."

Morse would probably have stood aglance with the farmers who saw "The Rocket." Edison would have nudged the engineer under the arm and suggested an improvement.

So great is the difference between the old and the new.



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Judicial Sale

BY TENDER

Of Farm Lands Near Lamont

Pursuant to judgment and final order for sale, the north-west quarter of 1-37-20 west of the Fourth Meridian, Alberta, is offered for sale

By Tender

The land is situated about 14 miles from Lamont, and consists of 160 acres of land more or less. Between 40 and 50 acres are broken and the balance covered with small scrub. The farm is enclosed by a "three rail fence." The buildings consist of one log house, 16 x 20 feet, a log stable 10 x 30 feet and granary 16 x 20 feet.

Tenders are to be sent to the Clerk of the Supreme Court, Edmonton, enclosed in a sealed envelope marked "Tender Henry vs. Turzanski, on or before

Saturday, November, 6th '09

The terms of payment are as follows: A marked cheque for 10 per cent. of the price offered to accompany the tender which will be returned if the tender is not accepted, and the balance to be paid into Court within 60 days without interest, when the parties will be let into possession and receive clear title.

In other respects the terms and conditions of sale will be the standing conditions of the Supreme Court of Alberta.

The farm will be sold subject to a reserve bid.

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It's a pity William Winter copyrighted the title, or I'd be tempted to write a little book giving my experience of the past week in Edmonton and call it "Grey Days and Gold."

In case we should think that all the people in Alberta were at the Capital last week, and that watching the laying of the corner stone and attending vice-regal balls was for the time being their only occupation, this editorial note in the Vermilion Signal brings us back to realities:

"In common with everybody else in the country the editor has been during the past week fighting prairie fires and digging potatoes, two jobs neither of which fit in very well with the business of newsgathering. It is hoped that life will be less strenuous in another week or two, and in the meantime the indulgence of the Signal readers is asked."

Down at Ottawa they are publishing, so the papers tell us, a map on which in due course will be shown every house, school, church, mill, blacksmith shop, etc., in the Dominion. This tremendous map will be made up of sheets, each of which will take in about 425 square miles. Already some 15,000 square miles have been mapped out along the frontier. The man who undertakes to map the section covering this part of the Dominion up-to-date will never be able to stick to union hours. When a person takes a walk some Sunday morning through a certain uninhabited district, and a week later in the same direction and finds a healthy settlement where there was hald prairie on his last visit, he will not envy the map-maker his job.

The chief of police in Pittsburgh has made a ruling that anyone wearing a straw hat after September 15 was a proper subject for assault and that the police would not prosecute anyone who tore up a straw hat after that date. The open-season would have to be extended in Alberta.

Mrs. Pankhurst has written to the papers to say that the imprisoned Suffragettes have never bitten the Holloway prison wardresses. It appears that they have only kicked them. This prompts an English publication to the following:

What taradiddles people tell!
What lies the press delights in writ!

No Suffragette condemned to dwell
In Holloway's most noisome cell
Have ever made a wardress yell
By biting.

Believe me, this is not the case,
They only kicked her in the face.

It fires my wrath, it stirs my gall,
To note how lies are manufactured!
'Twas not by Suffragettes at all
That, during their most recent brawl,
The office windows in Whitehall
Were fractured.

They threw the bricks—but let that pass—
It was the bricks that broke the glass.

How people do exaggerate!
One fable soon begets another!
For instance I have heard folks state
They have seen me throw a plate,
Two dumb-bells and a paper weight.

The story is of course untrue
It was a teapot that I threw.

'Tis false, I do declare,
That (as the papers said) on Monday
I seized my hostess by the hair,
At luncheon in Cadogan Square,
And hurled her headlong down the stair.

Last Sunday,
(I dragged her down one flight, I own,
She fell the other five alone).

O fellow-pressmen, pray confine
Yourselves to facts, sincere, convincing.

Before the public takes that line
Which makes the Lant's downers decline

To swallow things without a sign
Of "winning!"



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A single letter you transposed,
And Winston into "Minced 'Un" grows!

One of the visitors from Cardston for the corner-stone ceremonies arrived on the Wednesday previous. That afternoon there were a few drops of rain and he stepped under an awning.

Among the persons who had taken shelter there was a fashionably dressed woman.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said he, "but I want to offer you my sincere thanks."

"What do you mean, sir?" she said. "Thanks for what?"

"I never expected to see it again," he went on with tears in his eyes. "It is nearly thirty years since—"

"Since what, sir? What are you talking about?"

"Pardon my emotion, madam, but I used to live in Salt Lake City, and—"

"I have nothing to do with Salt Lake City, sir. I never was there in my life."

"But I was. That was my home for many years. And when I saw—"

"When you saw what?"

"That hat of yours, madam. It brought back the old thrill. It's an exact reproduction of the great Mormon tabernacle, which my eyes have been aching, through all the weary years, to see once more before I die! My longing has been satisfied at last, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart!"

Again lifting his hat he stepped forth into the rain and strode rapidly down the street wiping his eyes as he walked.

A story comes from Drogheda, Ireland, which one might be tempted to say was the invention of the matchless advertisers who figure in it. All magazine readers will remember the picture of the baby boy standing before a basin and saying, "Now for a jolly time!" He is about to use Pears' soap. A poster displaying this drawing was no sooner in position than the firm of billstickers responsible received word from Father Currie, the local priest, that it had to be "made decent." After some deliberation it was decided to paste pants on the boy. Painters were set at work and in the morning every boy on a Pears' poster in Drogheda had a pair of tight-fitting Irish knee breeches on. The incident, of course, has created all kinds of merriment. Catholic priests are usually men of sense. One wonders how this one ever secured his charge and how long he will be retained there.

The Dispute
Smith said that Cook was surely first
To stand upon the pole.
And Brown said Peary was the man
Who won the key goal.
Brown added then a few remarks
On Smith's veracity.
And Smith responded with a punch
On Brown's anatomy.

Now where had Brown gained Arctic lore
To give his views such weight?
He once within a skating rink
Had cut the figure 8.
And where had Smith acquired his fund
Of information rare?
Some years ago in Central Park
He saw a polar bear.
—McLandburgh Wilson in N.Y. Sun

At twenty minutes to nine the genial citizen, resplendent in fresh linen, sailed into the telephone booth. It was a hot day.

At fifteen minutes to nine the somewhat less genial citizen, in somewhat less fresh linen, finally managed to attract the attention of the sweet-voiced hello girl. It was—you will recall—a holiday.

At ten minutes to nine a grouchy citizen in white linen got his party on the wire. It was hot.

A few minutes to nine the wreck in question discovered that he had

an entire stranger on the line. The day grew warmer.

At nine o'clock the hello girl informed the drivelling wreck that he must not use the telephone as a plaything.

At a little after nine there issued from the booth a dilapidated remnant, who drew from his pocket a dollar bill, and first squeezing from it the moisture it had collected, laid it on the druggist's counter.

"What's this?" inquired the haughty drug clerk.

"One Turkish bath—one dollar," said the wreck. "I pay for what I get."

Oh the joys of modern civilization.
—Boston Traveller.

A great English naturalist, when saying in France, one day invited a number of the members of the French Academy to dinner, and afterwards these distinguished scientists were entertained in the garden as it was a very hot summer's afternoon. Upon the lawn there stood, on its pedestal, a large crystal globe, and in examining this rarity one of the 'savans' placed his hand upon it and discovered to everybody's surprise that the part upon which the sun's rays were heating down was comparatively cool, while the part on the shady side was quite hot.

Immediately all the great men present were launched into speculation as to the cause. Everybody felt that they were on the threshold of a new world of discovery and the theories brought forward were daring and original. One talked gravely of caloric; another claimed that some hitherto unknown law of refraction was the cause of the phenomenon, and stood apart, with his notebook already half full of diagrams and figures. Others discussed hotly the laws of exhalation, and still others devoted their energies to finding out what kind of crystal it really was.

At last the exponent of the hitherto unknown law of refraction took the floor, or the lawn, and explained the whole matter so clearly that everyone was convinced, everyone except the host, who, being a blunt Englishman, couldn't quite follow the reasoning. The gardener was passing at the moment, and the host called to him.

"Here, Jacques, you know more about this globe than I do, can you tell us why it is hottest on the shady side?"

"Yes, sir. I turned it round a few minutes ago, because I thought the heat might crack it."

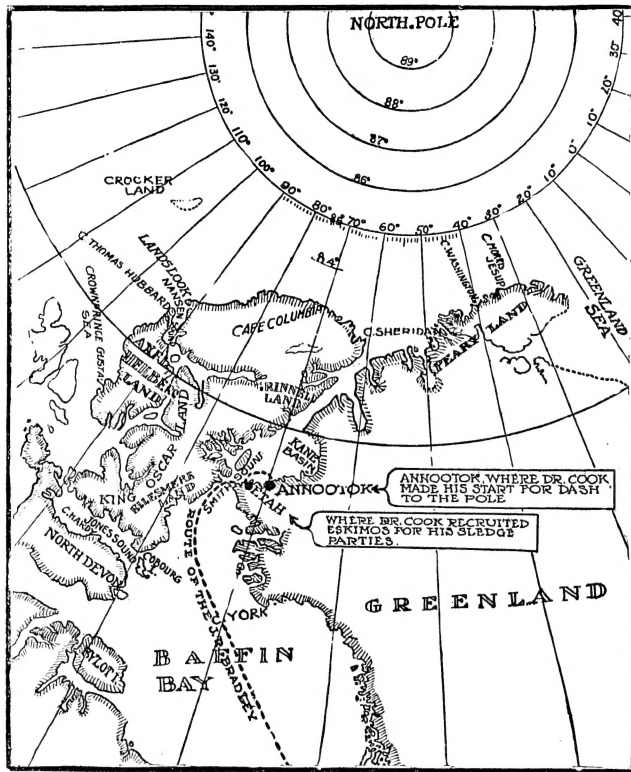
BRYAN TO VISIT EDMONTON

William Jennings Bryan, America's greatest orator and leader of the Democratic party in the United States, three times an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency, will deliver his famous lecture, The Prince of Peace, in the Thistle Rink, Edmonton, on Monday, October 18th, 1909. Bryan is at present touring Western Canada under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. In addition to being a great statesman Bryan is a wonderfully versatile man, being a successful farmer, a writer of repute and a deep thinker on many questions of economic and sociological importance. In view of the fact that the President Taft is being indirectly received in this present western tour because of the difficulty he is experiencing in explaining to the satisfaction of the Western people the Tariff Bill passed at the recent extraordinary session of Congress, Bryan, who is the apostle of a tariff, will be heard by Western Canada with exceptional interest.

ANNOUNCEMENT

As already intimated in the Saturday News owing to the continued increase of appreciation by the musical people of Alberta for the superior merits and qualities of the famous Steinway & Sons and Nordheimer pianofortes, and the consequent growth in the volume of my business, I now have pleasure in definitely announcing that I have leased (and am now removing to) spacious warerooms in the new Mortlake (Hallier and Aldridge) Block on Rice street, adjoining the new Post Office. These handsome new premises will be known as "Harmony Hall," and will, when decorated and completed, be without exception, the largest, most elegant and up-to-date piano salon west of the Great Lakes where I hope to continue to receive, as in the past, the same generous patronage, support and confidence of my friends and the musical public of Alberta and of Edmonton in particular.

Geo. H. Suckling



MAP SHOWING PROGRESS OF DR. COOK'S EXPEDITION TO ANNUOOK WHERE HE MADE HIS START FOR DASH TO THE POLE
Dr. Cook's Alleged North Pole Discovery

The Vice-Regal Ball

Aladdin's palace, with something of Fairyland thrown in, a glorified Indian encampment, a large country-house ball, with a general flavor of Arabian Night's splendor, were some of the suggestions conveyed by the Thistle Rink, the night of the Hospital Ball, given under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency, October 1st, 1909.

To say that there has been nothing approaching it in significance, both as regards the originality of the decorations and the number and prominence of those present, is but fairly suggesting the wonders of its accomplishment. "It is not only wonderful for Edmonton," said Her Excellency, "in commenting upon it, it would be a magnificent sight anywhere."

Lady Sybil Grey was equally enthusiastic. "Everything is lovely, lovely," she exclaimed, "but the supper room is a dream. I simply had to have a peep beforehand. Now I am more eager than ever to see it again."

Those of us who know the Thistle Rink in everyday life, its barn-like roominess and the almost impossibility of making any attempt to decorate it, can appreciate most thoroughly the wizard-like transformation that changed it from an empty, uninteresting skating-rink into a salle de danser, the absolute beauty and cosiness of which no one can possibly question.

To the generosity of the Government of Alberta must be ascribed the credit of having accomplished the impossible, of giving a record-making hall, beside which even the glorious Inaugural fades into insignificance.

Entering the hall at the first glance one might have imagined oneself entering a fairy forest with a big clearing in the centre, with a red and white canopy top. At the extreme end of the clearing was a raised dais, well, that might be where the wee folk lived, for from that distance all the impression that could be adequately formed was of a soft delightful small room, all green and white, which upon coming nearer you saw was brought about by great quantities of white "mums and ferns, disposed in every available nook. Here and there were cosy chairs and lounges, where, indeed the spot was worthy of it, a Sleeping Beauty might rest herself and feel honored for the privilege.

All over the roof of the clearing gleamed countless fairy lights. There were strings of them; rows upon rows, gleaming down on a great concourse of dancing folk, the rays reflected on the sheen of satin, and flashing back from the facets of the diamonds on the necks and coiffures of many women.

They fell too, on the glistening needles of the spruce forests at the sides, on dozens of tiny tapers built for two; fairy tapers that could only have been meant for elfin folk. On the deep fur of the skins that adorned them, and on the brilliant crimson and white of the decorations interspersed between the trees.

Inside these miniature tents, lovers bled and cooed, or their adoring manmmas and outsiders inspected them in comfort. And seated all along the forests' edge were those who for one reason or another didn't care to join in the revel.

For revel it must be called, that glorious evening, with the city band playing its most intoxicating numbers, a bouquet of excited girl-buds having their first scamper as grown-ups, the grown-ups themselves entering into the spirit of the thing with such a whole-souled enjoyment as does not happen many times in a lifetime, and back of it all the interest aroused by the anticipation of Vice-Royalty to come.

If the dressing room were jammed and no one could lay her hand on her wraps or possessions at its close, if tired Cinderellas dragged weary, high-heeled slippers home, in utter limps and dejection, if dances were skipped by reason of the shoals of dancers who were present—if all these things were, it was not worth it, just to have been there. We shall not see its like again in many, many moons.

Around ten o'clock the Vice-Regal party and His Honor and Mrs. Buleya made their entrance in the charming room at the stage. Mrs. Murphy, President of the Ladies' Hospital Aid, receiving them with Mrs. Sydney Woods and Mrs. Bowker. An interesting feature of this part of the programme was the presentation to Countess Grey on behalf of the Woman's Hospital Aid of a great sheaf of American Beauties.

The arrival of the distinguished guests of the evening naturally caused a great flutter, everyone crowding to the far end to catch a glimpse, at close range, of the King's representative in Canada.

Her Excellency was looking every

inch a queen, her gown being of satin striped black chiffon over old gold, with lovely ornamentation on the décolleté. In her beautifully dressed coiffure gleamed a magnificent diamond tiara, while at her throat was a necklace of priceless gems. Her sweet womanliness though, her charm more than any mere clothes, was what won the hearts of the brilliant assemblage, and made them murmur the most flattering praises of the Mistress of Rideau Hall.

Mrs. Buleya was also brilliantly frocked, the gown she had chosen being a semi-Directoire of palest green satin, with glistening diamante ornamentation, and a knot of gold gauze flowers over the left shoulder. Her hair was very prettily dressed and I thought I had never seen the First Lady of Alberta to better advantage.

Lady Sybil Grey was in a stunning princess frock of peacock green satin, with some exquisite shaded sequined ornamentation on the bodice, wonderfully becoming to her handsome brunette type.

Lady Evelyn Grey wore black, a soft clinging gown suggestive of chiffon, admirable in its charming simplicity and yet distinction.

The Hon. Miss Broderick had on a strikingly beautiful gown of hand-painted gauze over white satin, the painting being most delicately done in a trellised design, and suiting her graceful figure and very pretty face to perfection.



HIS EXCELLENCY, EARL GREY.

Following their reception by the president, the debutantes were then presented to their Excellencies by Mrs. Murphy.

They were a pretty sight the six happy buds, all wearing their newly acquired ball gowns with quite an air, and just that trace of half youthfulness that is so attractive to those of their age.

White satin seemed the popular choice as to frocks. Miss Dorothy Gifford having on a lovely princess gown of that material, made absolute-severely with only a tucker of white chiffon to relieve it. She carried a sheaf of bride roses, and with her dark hair and brilliant complexion made a picture.

Miss Norah Campbell's frock too was an Empire of shimmering Duchesse satin, the décolleté being outlined with some exquisite applique. At her throat was a delicate necklace of glaucous gold and coral, little earrings of the same being worn, and her bouquet was of pink roses.

Miss Phyllis Barnes was the most petite of the "buds," and looked fetching, her frock being a princess of white

silk crepe made over satin and trimmed with embroidered chiffon. A sheaf of white roses and a lovely garnet pendant necklace completed her pretty girlish toilette.

Miss Annie McDougall had also chosen a soft clinging white satin frock, made semi-Empire and with some sparkling diamante trimming on the corsage, which with her pretty coloring and dark hair, and the red roses she carried, was most attractive.

Miss Evelyn Murphy had on a strikingly pretty princess gown of white satin, ornamented with net and crystal garniture. In her fair hair, most becomingly dressed, was a bandeau of pale blue velvet ribbon, and her bouquet was of white roses and fern.

Miss Emily Bowen looked very sweet and girlish in soft white satin made empire fashion, with touches of rich gold embroidery, and her flowers were white roses intermingled with fern.

Mrs. Murphy, who received the party from Government House, had on a handsome gown of Paris colored lace over white silk with garniture of green, gold and pink applique.

Mrs. Woods looked very handsome in black sequins and cut steel spangles, and Mrs. Bowker was wearing her beautiful wedding gown of coin spotted net over satin, trimmed with seed pearls and rare old lace.

Beyond a short promenade to view the hall room at close quarters, the Countess contented herself with chatting to Mrs. Buleya and those who were introduced to her. His Excellency I noticed, however, dancing with Mrs. Hyndman and Madame

But whereas in the ball room the ceiling had been formed in a canopy top effect, that of the supper room was straight across, save only where it converged over the state table, there rising to quite a height, where the red and white hunting was caught by a cluster of electric lights.

From these lights, half-shrouded in smilax, ropes of smilax and white satin streamers descended and were caught at the four corners of the table, which was also festooned with the tender waxy ropes of this graceful vine. Suspended from the centre was a great basket of white "mums in a bed of feathery trailing fern, while tall vases of the same glorious bloom decorated the tables at short intervals. The effect was superb, and called forth the loudest admiration from the privileged party of state. I may say just here that the entire floral decorations were in the hands of Mr. Ramsay, who excelled even himself on this occasion.

Dotted all over the rooms were tiny tables, each with its pretty nosegay, and the waitresses wore white dresses, with white aprons and caps with red crosses on the front. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan had charge of the serving of the supper, which was donated by the women of the city.

A thing which had almost slipped my memory I must here mention, the very swaggy touch imparted by the military to the general striking effect of the ball room. They did themselves and their brand new regiments proud and set so many youthful hearts a-flutter, I don't know where it will end.

A pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation to Mrs. Murphy of a lovely bouquet of red and white roses by the ladies of the Hospital Aid.

Among those present I noticed: Mrs. Cross in an exquisite gown of pale pink crepe de chine, with shimmering diamante embroideries.

Mrs. Mowat Biggar, looking very sweet and graceful in pale blue net with satin and silver garniture.

Mrs. Whitney, her mother, in a handsome black sequined gown over white.

Madame Roy, in a lovely pale blue net with glistening sequins and tiny pink rosebuds.

Mrs. Cautley, in handsome black lace over white with red flowers in

her hair and on the corsage.

Mrs. Dawson in exquisite black lace over Dresden silk, with touches of pale blue velvet.

Mrs. James Biggar in a lovely frock of black Chantilly lace over white satin, the lace over-dress caught with a handsome paste buckle at the side, while some lovely old jewels decorated the corsage.

Mrs. Jim Hyndman in rich white satin with touches of gold.

Mrs. Nightingale, a picture in black sequined net over taffeta.

Mrs. Pardee in a stunning black sequin robe.

Mrs. Percy Hardisty, daintily fetching in white satin.

Mrs. Bower Campbell in a beautiful gown of grey crepe with cut-steel passementerie and lace.

Mrs. Saunders in black silk grenadine over old rose taffeta, with handsome passementerie and diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Geo. Harcourt in cream tam-

bour lace, with touches of turquoise blue velvet and lace.

Mrs. Stuart, of Calgary, in pale blue mousseline de soie; with black velvet bands and Persian garniture.

Mrs. Larsen, of Toronto, in delicate pale blue crepe de chine.

Mrs. W. E. Lines, looking strikingly handsome in her exquisite cream satin wedding dress.

Hon. Mrs. Syngue, in a handsome toilette of black fitted lace, with diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Robert Mays in pretty yellow painted yellow net.

Mrs. Jamieson, of Strathcona, in a stunning black satin gown, with jetted spangles on the décolleté.

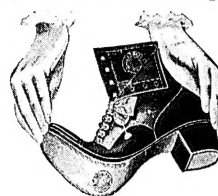
Mrs. Dan McNamara in a beautiful Reclaire creation of white satin embroidered in seed pearls.

Mrs. Jack Anderson, pretty and petite in a princess frock of peacock green satin.

(Continued on Page Eight.)

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Headquarters for West-WINNIPEG

Saturday Sale

Saturday Store News with a decided money value to those who appreciate a saving

A Handsome Assembly of Ladies' New York Tailored Suits, Coats, Gowns, etc.

Every kind of garment that is to be worn this fall and winter, every kind of material that is fashionable, the newest shades, the smartest and most correct styles, or in other words the most comprehensive display of Ladies' Wearing Apparel is what you will find in our Ladies' Ready to Wear Department on the second floor. The styles this season are quite distinctive and have that touch of elegance which you will find in American tailored garments.

The Prices in the Ladies' Section will interest you

Ladies' fine Patent Kid Button Shoes (New York make). The most up to date styles and all sizes. Regular prices \$6.00 pair; our price for Saturday, pair \$3.50.

Ladies' fine Dongola Kid Blucher cut lace Shoes. Goodyear welt sole, Cuban heel. A new last. Regular prices \$1.50 per pair. Saturday Sale price, pair \$1.50.

Ladies' Dongola Kid Lace Shoes, medium weight sole, patent tip in two styles. Regular \$2.75 per pair. Sale price, per pair \$1.05.

Ladies' Shoes in all styles and lasts, odd lines and sizes from regular stock. They are in small sizes mostly. Regular prices \$4.00 to \$5.00. Saturday price, per pair \$2.50.



Children's Coats and Dresses for Fall and Winter are on sale

Children's white Serge Suits for fall wear, made with sailor collars and trimmed with silk. Ages 3 to 5 years. Regular price \$3.00 each. Saturday, each \$2.60.

Children's Cream Lustre Suits, made with sailor collars, with round or square sailor collars, very neat and serviceable. Ages 2 to 6 years. Regular \$2.25 each. Sale price, each \$2.00.

Ladies' Whitewear in seasonable weights at special prices.

Ladies' Undervests, fine wool with a little cotton mixture, long sleeves, all sizes. Regular 65c each. On Saturday, each 50c.

Ladies' Drawers in same quality, open or closed. Regular 65c per pair. On Saturday, pair 50c.



Men's Black Stiff Hats

Regular Price \$3.00 each; on Saturday \$1.45 each

Men's Hard Hats in black, the newest shapes, good quality and in all sizes. Regular price \$3.00 each. Regular prices, \$1.50 to \$2.50 each. Saturday, while they last on Saturday, each \$1.45.

Men's Soft Felt Hats in all sizes, shapes and color. Regular \$1.00.

Boys all wool Underwear in all sizes, on Saturday at half price.

Dainty Distinctive Hats in Our Millinery Department (2nd floor)

The success of our millinery department is due entirely to the progressive methods in vogue there. We show nothing but the correct styles both in imported and domestic models, and always at moderate prices. We would be pleased to show you the new Paris and New York models.

Ready to Wear Hats in Velvet on Saturday at \$4.95

Ladies Velvet Hats trimmed with quills, feathers and ribbons. On Saturday, each \$4.95

Fancy Voile Waistings at much less than their actual value

Fancy Voile Waistings, 38 inches wide, very fine weave. Assorted colors in stripe effects. This cloth is one of the best values in our dress goods department. Regular price \$1.35 per yard. On Saturday per yard 95c.

DRESS TWEEDS ONE THIRD OFF REGULAR PRICES ON SATURDAY

LADIES' SILK EVENING GLOVES, \$1.75 VALUE FOR \$1.25 PAIR

Ladies' long silk evening Gloves, double stitched, colors pink, blue and white. All sizes. Regular \$1.75 pair. Saturday, per pair \$1.25.

25c WRITING TABLETS FOR 2 FOR 35c

Writing Tablets fair size, good quality paper. Regular 25c each. Saturday, 2 for 35c.

Brass Pins, 35 pins in each package, regular 5c package. On Saturday, 3 packages for 10c.

Bone Hair Pins, medium size, Regular 5c each. On Saturday, 2 for 10c.

STRIPED FLANNELETTE REGULAR 20c VALUES FOR 15c YARD

Grey and white striped Flannelette in good heavy quality, 30 inches wide; nice soft finish. Regular 20c yard. Our Saturday price per yard 15c.

15c KINGCOTT GINGHAMS AT 12 1/2c YARD

Kingcott Gingham, the best, 30 and 31 in. wide in plain colors stripes and checks. Regular 15c yard; on Saturday, yard 12 1/2c.

Fancy Cashmerettes in blue and pink stripes, very special value, regular 15c per yard. Our Saturday price 12 1/2c.

White Wool Blankets specially priced for Saturday's selling

White all pure wool blankets nice soft fleecy finish, large size. Weight six pounds. Regular price \$6.95 pair. Sale price per pair \$5.00.

White wool Blankets, all pure Wool, extra fleecy finish, weight seven pounds. Red or blue striped borders. Large size. Regular price \$7.50 per pair. Our Special Saturday price, pair \$5.50.



Men's Stylish Blue and Black Serge Suits on Saturday at \$9.25 each

Men's fine serge Suits, blue or black, made in single breasted styles, 4 buttons, plain sleeves and no fancy pockets. A very neat, serviceable, stylish suit. We have all sizes. Regular \$12.50 suits, on Saturday, each \$9.25.

Ladies' New York Tailored Coats

\$20.00 to \$30.00 values on Saturday at \$16.50 each

Ladies' New York Tailored Coats, full length for fall and winter wear. Some in tweed, others in broadcloth and heavier cloth, silk lined to waists. Some styles with patch pockets, high collars and cuffs. Others braid trimmed and some made plain with closefitting waist lines. These are particularly good value. Regular price \$20.00 to \$30.00 each. On Saturday, each \$16.50.

Ladies' High Class Man Tailored Skirts in Panama, Serge, Broadcloth, and Mixture, colors blue, brown and black made in different styles. Regular prices from \$7.50 to \$12.00 each. On Saturday, each \$5.75.

A WAIST SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY

Ladies' Waists for early fall wear in Madras, Lustre, Rob Roy cloth, made in many pleasing styles. Reg. price \$2.25 to \$3.00 each. On Saturday each 1.75c.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Horseshoe brand red salmon regular 20c tins: On Saturday, tin 15c.

8 lbs. Rolled Oats, regular 35c sack, Saturday, per sack 30c.

20 oz Jar of Wagstaffe's Raspberry and Strawberry Jam. Regular 40c jar. Saturday, jar 30c.

5 lb. tin Smith's Strawberry Jam, regular 80c tin, on Saturday 70c.

Best Rice, regular 8 lb. Saturday 6c lb.

Best Tapioca, regular 8c lb., Saturday 6c lb.

Best Sage, reg. 8c lb., Saturday 6c lb.

Some attractive offers for Saturday in the Men's Shoe Section.

Men's Patent Calf Blucher cut lace Shoes. Goodyear welt sole; model last. These are the celebrated Barry Shoes and all new stock. All sizes. Regular price \$6.00; our Saturday price per pair \$4.75.

Men's Patent Calf Blucher cut lace Shoes. Goodyear welt sole in two new styles and in every size. Regular price \$5.00 per pair. Our Saturday price, pair \$3.95.

Men's Shoes in box Calf Vici Kid. Patent leather velour calf and gummetal. All shades in high class shoes. Sizes 6, 6 1/2, and 7 and 10 and 11 only. Regular prices \$4.50 to \$5.00 per pair. Our price for Saturday, pair \$2.50.

Carpet Squares and Rugs Reduced for Saturday

Tapestry Carpet Squares in strong weave, rich colors and a big range of desirable patterns go on sale Saturday at prices which will astonish you when you see the quality.

Tapestry Squares size 7 1/2 ft. x 9 ft. Regular \$6.00 each, Saturday \$4.25.

Tapestry Square, size 9 ft. x 9 ft. Regular \$7.00, Saturday \$4.75.

Tapestry Squares, size 9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in. Regular \$12.50, Saturday \$9.50.

Tapestry Squares, size 10 ft. 6 in. x 12 ft. Regular \$15.00, Saturday \$11.75.

The Achar Squares, 10 1/2 ft. x 12 ft. Regular \$18.00, Saturday \$14.50.

Reversible Smyrna Rugs, size 30 in. x 54 in. Good colorings. Regular price \$3.75 each. On Saturday \$2.60.

Mohair Rugs in a splendid assortment of colors, and designs. Size 30 in. x 54 in. Regular price \$6.50 each. Saturday Sale price \$4.75.

Lace Curtains, slightly soiled in all quantities. Regular prices from \$1.25 to \$8.00 pair. On Saturday at Half Price.



Saturday is always a busy day so shop early

THE ACME CO., LTD.

Corner Jasper Avenue and Second Street

These prices for new goods are unequalled for their smallness

Home and Society

Edmonton.

(With Apologies to the New York Sun.)

There's a glory of lights, and a shimmer of silks,
And a glitter of diamonds rare,
And the odor of roses and violets
Blent.

With Eastern perfumes on the air,
There's a frou-frou of skirts, and a clatter of heels,
And a tinkle of wineglasses gay,
And the sighing of flutes, and the
wailing of strings.

For the season has come here to stay.

There's a flutter of feathers and ribbons and lace,
A flashing of silver and gold;
A rollicking ripple of laughter and song,
And voices both merry and bold,
A swinging of doors and a rattle of wheels.

The dinner, the dance, and the play,
And the hoark of the horn in the gray
of the morn.

When His Excellency's passing this way.

During their stay in town His Excellency and Lady Gray were guests at Government House, the other members of the party, the ladies, Sybil and Evelyn Grey, the Hon. Miss Broderick, their guests from England, Lord Lascelles, Capt. Fife, and Mr. Leveson Gower, staying at the Yale, but all dining at Government House.

The night of their arrival, the entire party, after participating in the procession, drove to Government House, where refreshments were served, Premier and Mrs. Rutherford and the Attorney General and Mrs. Cross being also present.

As they stepped from their carriages the distinguished guests were saluted by the All Saints' boys' brigade commanded by Capt. Grey, who formed a guard of honor lining the entrance walk to the official residence.

Both His Excellency and Countess Grey expressed themselves as delighted with the fine little corps, Earl Grey passing up and down the ranks, and making himself wonderfully popular with the little lads in khaki. But indeed, I could recount dozens of happy incidents that occurred, demonstrating the Governor General's and his wife's charming thoughtfulness, and making it easy for one to credit their tremendous popularity at Ottawa.

I was surprised to see what a remarkably young-looking woman the Countess was; her lovely fair hair, pretty coloring and delightfully spontaneous and gracious manners, suggesting more those of a charming young matron than the mother of grown-up daughters, she being indeed, if I remember rightly, also a grandmother.

The afternoon of the laying of the corner stone, I thought her looking very regal in an indescribable shade of exquisite grey with a hint of mauve, the modish coat being handsomely ornamented with rich applique with touches of gold; her hat a very smart creation of grey with a long uncurled ostrich plume of grey shaded with green, and an ostrich bow in palest grey giving a final artistic touch.

Mrs. Bulvey was also richly attired, her gown of clinging amethyst chiffon velvet, with loveliest jewelled applique, and a large white satin picture capelet with white plumes and amethyst and gold buckle, setting off the graceful figure of the mistress of Government House to perfection.

Lady Sybil Grey was stunning in crimson polka-dot velvet, Lady Evelyn I didn't catch sight of, but the Hon. Miss Broderick was in a tony shade of pink, vastly becoming.

Mrs. Rutherford was in a handsome black tulle of black chiffon over taffeta, with a modish white picture hat with long ostrich plumes. It was a matter for general regret that Mrs. Rutherford's delicate health did not permit of her attending the Ball on the following evening, where she was much missed.

Mrs. Cross, too, was ultra smart in a beautiful white broadcloth suit, much braided and contoured, worn with an exquisitely French hand-embroidered waist, and a dashing raffia hat with fluffy white feathers.

I noticed Mrs. Roy also on the platform in a beautiful French linen suit, and a stunning hat.

On the grand stand the youth, beauty and fashion of the Capital were gathered, the cool, dark tone of the evergreen decorations and the brilliant shades of the hunting, making a capital foil for the lovely costumes of the women and the imposing array of silk-hatted and frock-coated attendant cavaliers.

The military—aries—such a host of

them as there seemed—added to the effect by their bright red regimentals and very swaggy new white helmets, and altogether the scene was one that must have made an ineffable impression on all who witnessed it.

I noticed that Mrs. Farquharson, who was recently operated on for appendicitis, was an interested guest at the Ball on Friday, apparently having quite recovered from her illness.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. F. Kirkpatrick returned from their holiday in Banff in time to witness the week's celebrations.

Mrs. Mowat Biggar and her mother, Mrs. Whitney, of Toronto, returned from the Coast, where they have spent the summer, on Thursday of last week.

Miss Bessie McKenty of Lacombe arrived last Thursday on a short visit to Mrs. Emery, with whom she attended the Vice-Regal Ball on Friday evening.

Mrs. and Mrs. Pardee entertained at a smart little dinner party the night of the Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, their visitor, Miss Quinn, and Mr. Harry Evans, being the guests of the occasion. Following dinner, they all went on to the dance.

Madame Milton Martin and her baby, who have been visiting Mr. Martin's parents at the Coast returned to the Capital on Tuesday. Mr. Martin going as far as Glacier to meet them.

Mr. and Madame Cote and their little son, left on Wednesday to visit relatives in Quebec and Ottawa.

Mrs. Gifford left the same day for the East and will spend some time in Toronto and Cobourg before returning to town. I believe that she is having a cosy new home built for herself and her daughters in her absence, on popular St. James street.

Among other prominent visitors who were in town for last week's festivities, were Chief Justice Sifton, who returned home on Sunday. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Stuart, who brought their baby son, and who were the guests of Mrs. Geo. Harcourt, Premier Scott of Regina, Mr. Buchanan, M.L.A. of Lethbridge, Mr. Oliver, Minister of the Interior, Mr. Lucas, M.L.A., and Minister without Portfolio in the Ontario Cabinet, Mr. Bennett, of Calgary, and many more who have just slipped my memory.

Mrs. O. Simpson, of Lacombe, is visiting at the home of Geo. A. Reid, 540 Fourth street.

Mrs. Bowers had a charming birthday party for her little daughter, Margaret, on Saturday afternoon, when a delightful gathering of tiny tots and their mammae flocked together at this cosy home on Twelfth street and drank tea and gossip, that is the mammae did, while the babies romped and amused themselves, later adorning up stairs, where the party was laid, the loveliest kind of a feast, with a real birthday cake with candles and pink and white icing, pink jellies, and all such other dainties dear to the heart of babyhood. There were candlesticks at the four corners of the table, quite a la grown-up folks' parties, and the soft light falling on these lovely innocent children, made a beautiful picture. Their various mammae to contemplate. Some of the little faces, I noticed, were the two small daughters of the house, bonny fat babies in the prettiest party frocks, Fred Pardee and his new baby sister, Marjorie Woods and John Woods, Jean Cote, Bunchy Harbottle, Jewell Jones, Kathleen and Garth Macdonald, Margaret Hardisty, John Lowe and Oliver Hishop. Last, but not least.

Mr. and Mrs. Gunn of Hamilton, who are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Bowers, were also present. Mr. Gunn making the most desperate love to all the adorable girl babies, who seemed to reciprocate his attentions. I also noticed Mrs. Biggar and Miss Quinn enjoying the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre returned from their wedding trip on Tuesday evening, and are at present guests of the King Edward.

Mr. Nash and Mr. Robinson are organizing a dramatic club for the winter the purpose being to take up a serious study of various first-class plays, to produce some, and also to stimulate a love for music of a first-class order. I believe there will be between forty and fifty members and

Diamond Brilliance

Nothing can rival the brilliance of a perfect diamond. We guarantee all of our diamonds to be just what we say they are "a flawless and perfect stone". Have seen our "Our Special" \$25.00 diamond. It is certainly good value and I am sure you will say so too when you see it. Come in and look around even though you don't want to buy.

Cook & Kirkland

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Brilliant Cut Glass

In some of the old palaces of Italy there exists to-day chandeliers and vases wrought centuries ago which dazzle the tourist with their diamond-like lustre.

Lasting brilliancy is what we claim for the many new cut glass art design pieces we are displaying. We would be pleased to have you come in and look around.

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that they will meet every two weeks at the various members' homes. It strikes me as a move in the right direction and I am sure under the leadership of two so clever amateur actors, the club will prove a great success. Of it, once it is formed and in working order, more anon.

Mrs. Cantley will receive at her residence, Belton Lodge, on Tuesday next, and in future on her former days, the second and fourth Tuesdays of the month.

Mrs. H. C. Wilson postponed her home-coming from Banff set for early this week, but is expected with her sister, Mrs. Dugald McMurphy, of Toronto, on Friday or Saturday.

Mrs. Geo. Harcourt was the bright and attractive hostess of a very large reception on Saturday, given in honor of her sister, Mrs. Larsen, of Toronto, who unfortunately, had only time for a flying visit to the Capital.

Mrs. Harcourt received in a hand some gown of black crepe de chine with exquisite Persian garniture, cream lace and gold tassel ornaments. Mrs. Larsen was pretty in pale blue voile over taffeta, with blue satin and lace ornamentation, and Mrs. Stewart of Calgary another of the house guests, was also most becomingly dressed in the delicate shade, her gown being of soft-silk mull, with Val lace and insertion.

Among the guests who thronged the cosy rooms I noticed three recent brides, Mrs. Hector Landry, Mrs. Harry Cooper and Mrs. Archibald, all wearing most attractive costumes.

Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. K. B. Mackenzie and Mrs. Riddell were all kept more than busy in the reception room, looking after the shoals of callers, while Mrs. Rutherford and Mrs. D. S. Mackenzie, and Mrs. Geo. Gowan did the honors of the tea-room assisted by Miss Alice McDougall, Miss Addie Belcher, Miss Elise Graves, Miss Elise Sticks and Miss Kathleen Murphy, who made a bevy of pretty attendants. During the afternoon Mr. Silas furnished excellent music.

The table arrangement was a charming scheme in pink and palest green, a lovely Hattensberg lace cloth being centred by a cut-glass bowl of pink roses, which rested on a green satin centrepiece, veiled in white tulle. A beautiful rose shade covered the electrolight and shed a soft light over all, while candles burned at the four corners of the table, adding a very pretty touch.

Mrs. Sydney Woods will not receive until November, when she will resume her former reception days, the second and third Mondays of the month.

Mrs. Donald Macdonald, of "Glencoe", is another hostess who is resuming her social duties, keeping her former days, the second and fourth Wednesdays.

Miss Bertha Moore, her guest from Peterboro, will receive with her this week.

As we go to press Miss Marjorie Beck's coming-out dance this Friday is the most eagerly anticipated event on the social horizon.

Mrs. Manley R. Cryderman, received from the city this Thursday, October 7th, at her home 1409 Athabasca avenue, and will receive every 15th day of the month.

Mrs. Duncan Marshall returned on Wednesday from a three months' visit in Ontario and Prince Edward Island.

Mrs. Jack Anderson leaves towards the end of next week for a visit to her parents, the Hon. Frank and Mrs. Oliver at Ottawa.

Mrs. James Smith entertained at a dinner of eight covers at the Cecil Hotel in honor of Mrs. O'Leary on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Calderon has returned to the Capital after spending the summer with her mother at the seaside and in Ottawa.

Mrs. A. Muir-Frith will be at home on Thursday and Friday, October 14 and 15, at 2090 Jasper avenue West.

A social dance will be given in the Thistle Rink, Friday, October 15th. Music by the Citizen's band. Tickets on sale at Linc's Drug store and Thistle rink.

Owing to the large amount of space taken up by the Ball this week I hope to publish the particulars of Mrs. Lorne York's post nuptial reception which was held this Wednesday afternoon, in our next issue.

(Continued on page 11)

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

LECTURE

Thistle Rink, Edmonton

AUSPICES Y.M.C.A.

Monday Evening,
October 18th, 1909

Reserved Seats \$1.00

General Admission 75c and 50c

Reserved Seat Plan and Tickets
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THE CAPITAL WINE AND SPIRIT CO.

A. E. HOPKINS

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Napoleon and Josephine The Last Days of Pompeii

Also the principal views of decoration in our town, and the laying of the first stone in the Parliament Building by Earl Grey.

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Modern
Vaudeville

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The Six Hoboes In a roaring comedy skit, "On the Road"
Nina Nestor and Company Comedy Playlet, "A Thief in the Night"
Loughlin's Performing Dogs A collection of canine wonders
Deas, Reed and Deas, some singing, some dancing,
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The Saturday News—12 pages—15 months
to January 1st, 1911
\$2.00

The Vice-Regal Ball

(Continued from Page Five)

Mrs. Hishop in a striking toilette of palest green satin.

Mrs. Scooble in a charming pale blue satin-striped silk with filmy lace and touches of black velvet.

Mrs. Joseph Morris in silver spangled net, a beautiful, graceful frock.

Mrs. Slocock exceedingly pretty in pale pink.

Mrs. Emery in maize point d'esprit over yellow silk.

Mrs. O'Leary in a pretty and most becoming empire frock of maize colored satin.

Mrs. James Smith in rich white embroidered satin, made empire fashion.

Mrs. Duncan Smith, very smart indeed in white satin, the bertha corsage of spangled silver sequins and bugle trimmings.

Mrs. Dickens in a stunning black sequin toilette, and with her, her guests, two much admired belles, the Misses Watson, of Portage La Prairie, both in yellow, Miss Alice in a gold spangled robe over yellow silk.

Miss Florence in pale yellow satin with crystal trimming.

Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, very attractive in delicate apricot silk, with touches of pale blue satin.

Mrs. Richards, in one of the loveliest frocks of the evening, a spotted net over heavy corded white silk, the bodice ornamented with exquisite lace and applique daisies, with raised gold centres.

Mrs. Henwood, in dainty pale blue mull with Val lace and nertion.

Her sister, Mrs. Campbell, of Colborne, looking very attractive in pale

grey crepe de chine with a silver sequined bolero and chiffon vest.

Mrs. Donald Macdonald in an empire gown of white satin with silver garniture.

Her guest, Miss Moore, in black crepe de chine over taffeta.

Mrs. Palmer in a rich toilette of some soft grey clinging material.

Mrs. Charlesworth wearing a beautiful white lace robe over satin.

Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison in a soft embroidered mauve chiffon robe, with Persian embroideries.

Her guest, Miss Butterfield, tall and graceful in white net and carrying pink roses.

Mrs. Barnes who was an interested spectator, in black silk eolienne and carrying crimson roses.

Mrs. Challand in a handsome robe of black jet sequins.

Mrs. Hugh Campbell in lovely white satin, with a silver spangled skirt.

Mrs. Pitfield in her bridal gown of clinging white satin, looking very well and happy.

Madame Lessard in most becoming white.

Mrs. Ferris in rich black silk voile, with lace and jet garniture.

Mrs. Kenneth, in a becoming old rose silk voile.

Mrs. Bowers, always one of the sweetest looking of the younger matrons, in black crepe de chine.

Madame Cote, in a becoming pale blue figured organdie.

Mrs. Riddell in black lace and jet.

Mrs. Nivin in pink satin and lace.

Mrs. Nicholls in pretty black sequined net.

Mrs. Frith in pale blue silk.

Mrs. McIsaac in dainty yellow silk.

Mrs. Charles Henderson in white crepe de chine, with handsome lace and passementerie garniture.

Mrs. Crosskill in pale pink silk with ecru lace garniture.

Miss Quinn, Mrs. Pardee's guest, in beautiful white lace gown.

Miss Biegar, another visitor to town also in white.

Miss Cuthbert, of Fort Saskatchewan, looking wonderfully pretty and striking in old rose crepe de chine.

Miss Jean Forsyth, looking very striking in rich black lace and net.

Miss Seton Thompson in a soft cream gown.

Miss Alice Cameron in lovely pale blue satin with lattice work design, and beautiful silver garniture introduced.

Miss Tilley, decidedly bright and attractive in pale pink with white lace over-dress.

Miss Mary Harris, pretty as ever, in old rose silk.

Miss Eleanor Taylor charming in such a pretty pale pink charmeuse satin frock.

Miss Florence Walker in a beautiful mauve satin gown embroidered in gold.

Miss Belcher, in delicate mauve satin.

Miss Ethel Webster, handsome in white satin.

Miss Wheat, in a pretty white lace robe.

Miss Kathleen Murphy, in maize satin, with lace and gold garniture.

Miss Sowden in a striking white satin frock with seed pearl garniture, and design in the new rat-tail braiding.

Miss Dickey in most becoming pale blue.

Miss Jessie Potter in an elaborate white silk gown.

Miss Perkins, in turquoise blue satin.

Miss Clappett, in white Limerick lace with white roses.

Miss Bessie McKenty in dainty Dresden muslin.

There were many other handsome gowns worn, but unfortunately, having only one pair of eyes the list cannot be complete.

I noticed Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Horace Harvey, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Alex. Taylor, Mrs. Dickey, Miss Violet Worsley, Mrs. Cuthbert, and many other familiar faces among the spectators, but here I must stop. It was a great ball, how you will, and will long remain a delightful memory.

PEGGY

The Floral Decorations at the Ball

One of the most striking features of the Hospital Ball on Friday was the magnificent profusion of flowers of every description, not only those carried by the guests from the Countess of Grey down to the littlest bud, but others employed in the decoration of both ball and supper rooms. Indeed, I think the fact that hot-house flowers in such beauty and variety can be commandeered at such short notice, marks a milestone in the growth and enterprise of the Capital City of Alberta.

It was one of the features that struck Her Excellency, Countess Grey, as she informed me, speaking with reference to her own exquisite bouquet.

To think of your being able to grow such glorious roses in far north Alberta," she declared, "I am surprised."

The sumptuousness of the table decorations and their beautifully artistic arrangement, was another cause for comment, and all around the state board remarks of the most flattering character passed to and fro.

Naturally the Edmontonians were proud to state that the ideas had been conceived and carried out right here at home. Mr. Ramsay having everything pertaining to the floral decorations left absolutely in his own hands.

Ever since the date was finally set for the laying of the corner stone ceremony, he and his large staff of expert gardeners, have been kept busy day and night, tending and coaxing and forcing the roses that were designed for use for the decorations.

The quantity of roses alone that were required was enormous, every debutante carrying an armful, while matrons and maids without number carried, as a final touch to their costumes, a sheaf or bouquet of some fragrant bloom.

It must be a source of gratification to everyone to feel that without going out of town for either flowers, or new ideas, Mr. Ramsay has made it possible for hostesses, civic authorities and other aspirants for "social honors" to feel that no matter how elaborate an affair they contemplate, they have only to give their order, and Mr. Ramsay will do the rest, and do it in a way that will leave nothing to be desired. New York can teach us some things, but in the matter of floral offerings or decorations, we're fairly well satisfied with things in Edmonton as they are.

A FAMOUS PRISON

The Illinois state penitentiary at Joliet has the reputation of being the model prison of the United States, and probably the finest in the world. The architecture suggests the castle of ancient times, one of those romantic structures which have withstood the warring elements of ages.

The story of this institution is bristling and dramatic incidents of the most intense interest, closely touching the hearts and minds of all classes and all nationalities.

Among the convicts are, and have been some of the most notorious rascals and hardened criminals in America.

A view of the famous prison with scenes that depict the different phases of life behind the bars, would no doubt be an ideal object lesson for the youth of our land and form an entertaining subject suitable for the picture screen.

The Starland management have much pleasure in announcing that the views of the above have been secured and will be exhibited at this popular family theatre on October 25th and 26th only.

What the Press Agents Say

Empire's New Bill

The Empire has another "classy" bill for its patrons, starting "Thursday." The week just ended shattered every record yet hung up in the matter of attendance, and proves that Edmontonton will patronize any entertainment of merit. This week, however, Manager Kyle expects to outdo last week's records.

The headline attraction is one of Mr. Jesse L. Lasky's productions: "The Road." The singing is said to be far above the average, and the Italian's song, "My Brudder Sylvest," is a regular knock-out. Certainly these clever performers have something decidedly out of the ordinary to present.

The Deas, Reed, and Deas troupe provide a striking contrast to the hoboes. They are singers, dancers, comedians, and swell dressers.

Jacques Greno, the Parisian balancing wizard, is another distinct novelty. He does numerous startling stunts on a mere thread of steel.

Loughlin's dogs—another animal act, and another proof of the old adage, that "there's always somebody or something better." These dogs have a series of stunts not yet presented in Edmontonton. Globe-rolling has been seen here, but not by dog manipulators.

The playlet "A Thief in the Night," presented by Nina Nestor and company, is another "Empire Standard" sketch. It is full of fun from beginning to end.

The Empire Orchestra will render a Hungarian overture which it is needless to say, will please.

Alice Pinckston, Edmontonton's favorite soprano, will again be heard in a catchy illustrated song "Nuf Sed."

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The Capital's Welcome to His Excellency

Much that is notable has happened in Edmonton in the days that have passed into history, many wonderful events await its future, but no man alive in the Capital City today has ever seen Edmonton look before as she appeared on Thursday and Friday evenings of last week, a dream city, outlined with spangles of gold, her streets packed solidly with people from all over the province, her stores and counting houses in a blaze of myriad colored lights and festive decorations, Jasper avenue one string of triumphal arches and over all a great harvest moon contesting the supremacy of Heaven's lighting apparatus with thousands of fire-works, that, shooting apparently out of nothingness, blazed countless tracks across the sky and were lost at last in its immensity.

Time was, when little Strathcona, looking across the river, saw here a struggling village sloping gently away from the swift-flowing water dividing line, and when night came they could not see anything at all. Then after a while, little by little, the skyline took on a different face, a spire shot up here, a high building there, changing it to the city of compact outlines it was up to Thursday. But never before did it shine a turreted dream as it did on that night, when His Excellency descended upon it in state to lay the corner stone of the magnificent building that for generations to come will queen it in regal supremacy on the banks of the lordly Saskatchewan.

The celebration began early in the evening as soon as dusk had fallen,

Between it and the next arch at Second street, the stores were gaily ablaze and the several big blocks had very fine displays indeed, notably the "Wize" and the "Chisholm."

At Second street flags and bunting formed the main decorations of the monster arch, the inscription across the top reading: "Our flag forever." At the south-east corner the Acme Co.'s fine premises attracted a large share of attention, the window dressing and decorations being on a most elaborate scale. At Third street the coat of arms of the Gentlemen Adventurers trading into Hudson Bay, stood out in picturesque relief over the doorway of their stores, while a block down that corner, for trading company, Revillon Freres, flashed on the words in pointed letters of flame, "Kevillon—Welcome."

Next in the sweep was the Empire Block and the Windsor Hotel, the latter's display of myriad Japanese lanterns and evergreen festooned columns marking an irresistibly attractive rendezvous for the crowds of eager sight-seers who thronged it from early in the evening until the order came for "lights out."

In the Banking Section

A block further down the Bank of Montreal punctuated another paragraph of twinkling lesser lights, delicately arched windows, and several of the smaller but most interesting displays of grains, fruits, etc.

A few yards on and the magnificent building of the Imperial Bank came into view. Travelling east or west it was perhaps, the point that



The Grain Arch at the corner of Jasper and McDougall Avenue

with the congregating of the crowd on the main street, and the flashing out of thousands of twinkling electric lights from arches, shops, and places of public entertainment and hospitality.

The Evening Crowd

All of Edmonton, townsfolk and visitors alike, walked up and down the Avenue to participate in the beauty and festivity of the occasion. Nobody stayed within doors. The leading citizens and others left their homes, lights burning and went out to mingle with the procession lined up to march over to welcome the city's honored guest.

It was worth while. From the corner of Seventh street, Jasper avenue reminded one of the magnificent thoroughfares at St. Louis' mighty exhibition. Down the centre, the large glaze lights, on the trolley poles, made a string of small moons illuminating the vehicular traffic section of the street. Look as far as you would on either side and you appeared to encounter millions of smaller lights throwing into relief the diversified outline of the large financial institutions and the little shops tucked next, all of them with their flags, flying heavily in the breeze, and their brilliant draping of red, white and blue. And if the taller fellows had it most by all their own way in the matter of impressive adornment, the wee ones clinging closely in their shelter made up for any lack in this connection by the originality of their display, calling to their aid the fruits of the earth in their season, great golden pumpkins, grapes, the products of the pastures, the heavy-headed sheaves of wheat, emblems of the prosperity of the land, its hope, its accomplishment.

The arches themselves were of unusual beauty and interest, four of them spanning the street, like crowns resting on the brows of a victor. That at the corner of Seventh was of evergreens, the cool dark tones of the needles forming a rich background for myriad twinkling lights and fluttering flags. "We take our part as nation builders," ran its greeting, a message being borne out in fact by every city and village in the Province.

caught your eye first and held it fast. It was a finger of light pointed skyward; a pencil tipped with fire high above its fellows; it towered, its splendid outlines suggested only in twinkling sparks of gold, a phantom castle guarding the entrance to the city.

Back a few steps on the other side, "The Yale" with its little balcony gaily en fete, was at all times the central pivot around which the crowd congregated, imagining that here the Governor General would deliver a short address. In this they were doomed to disappointment, but the spot nevertheless was perhaps as well chosen as one as could have been selected, for it commanded a first glimpse of the vice-regal party and their escort as they rounded the curve at McDougall avenue, as well as affording an incomparable view of the grand central wheat arch which symbolized perhaps better than any other, the open-handed and hearty welcome the city of Edmonton stood prepared to extend to her visitors.

Of the beauty of the harvest they had built it the four arches of the four corners meeting in a dome-like effect in the centre of the cross avenues. I saw the magnificent wheat memorial in the Canada exhibit at the World's Fair, but I thought that in its own way, and of its kind, Edmonton's exhibit was quite as imposing. In addition to the sheaves of golden grain that covered the spars and supports of the arch was a display of native products that added to the solidity and individuality of the effect. "The Granary of the Empire" ran the legend across its front. In the very word I thought was conveyed what every loyal man and woman within the Province has come to feel, that here in Alberta we have a storehouse, the richness and promise of which no one within or without can adequately gauge, a great mine of untapped wealth that more than justifies our faith in the future and fulfiling in the present.

In the region below McDougall, the lights shot upwards and caught a faint mist which seemed to follow the illuminated line of march. It was transmuted into a reddish cloud and

high into it rose the tall outline of the Blowey-Henry block at the turning. But between it and McDougall and further on, there were just buildings outlined in lights, here and there some larger than others, notably the Bank of Commerce shrouded in flags and bunting, the Queen's Hotel, Alberta, and so on till you came to the last arch at the corner of Nainayou avenue, that erected by the Chinese residents of the city and to most minds the most interesting and unique of the lot.

The Chinese Arch

Again the body of the structure was of green, palms and flowering shrubs alternating with evergreens, but here the analogy ended. Capping the top were two pagoda-shaped turrets in red, white and blue, while at either end fluttered the flags of the Empire, and the great dragon on a yellow background of mysterious and awe-alluring China. In the centre a quaint Chinese inscription in a long panel shape had some untranslatable message, but underneath in good honest English, were the words, "Tell King Edward we are his loyal subjects." Suspended at intervals were those festive dear-knows-what's-fashioned of flowers and twisted papers, long familiar through seeing them hanging in every Chinese curio store, but which, together with the softly glowing strings of Chinese lanterns, produced an indescribably beautiful effect. A tuft of royal peacock feathers added a last picturesque touch to the whole.

But it was not only on Jasper avenue that the lights gleamed softly and patriotic emblems were flung (Continued on Page Ten.)

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Edmonton

The Capital's Welcome to His Excellency

(Continued from Page Nine.)

to the breeze. On every remotest side street shacks and stately residences alike floated their contributions to the general rejoicing, until such a hearty good-fellowship and pride in their city sprang up in the hearts of East, and West, and North and South-landers, as has not been in my experience in this Capital City of Alberta.

A Provincial Affair

And they came from Calgary, hundreds of them, to help us celebrate, and from every two by four prairie town in the province. For that night at least we were not Edmontonians, Cardstonites, Calgaryans or Peace Riverites. North and South stood together a solid unit. The name Albertan having knit us into one common family.

And if the mute and inscrutable buildings let themselves go in a round-up of rejoicing, what shall be said of the great crowds who surged the streets, scrambled on the tops of every available building, or lined the hill-side awaiting the big torch-light procession. There he crowds and crowds, but no crowd in all the world that enjoys flinging dirt care away and enjoying a celebration from a circus to a dog-fight like the people of Edmonton. Not that we are noisy, the deadly earnestness and sobriety of the land, the dignity of its far-flung hills and prairies is too much with us for mere hilarious levity. We take our fun whole-heartedly and leave loud-mouthed carousing for empty minds and loosely-wagging tongues, as becomes the dignity of so much-favored, so hard-working a people.

"Why in the Sam Hill don't you people cheer and hurrah, boys," queried an American in the crowd. "You don't know how to celebrate."

"Seems like as if it takes a hockey match or a football game to ginger up the people in this here town," spoke up another.

But I know that what we lack at the tip of our tongues, is deep-rooted in the hearts of all of us. We love this land. We love its hope, its joy of living, its wonderful towns and cities in which each of us can take a hand in the building. And if on Thursday in place of loud talking we merely thronged the streets, to drink in the beauty of the night and take an inconspicuous part in the merry-making, if we were content to whisper to each other that the city really did us proud, be sure we meant as much as if we had screamed our throats hoarse, or gone on one terrific jam-boree, as the story-writers are so fond of picturing us.

One Man From Paddle River

But again, what bookfalls of intensely interesting material might not have been gathered on such a night. Why not food for a novel in the one person of the man from Paddle River, who walked in from his lonely homestead sixty-five miles, to see the "doings."

Again, the tiny shop with the paper roses picking out bright spots of color on the garlands of evergreen. Let me but in to the plump proprietress in the bottle-green gown and I will wager I will have a story for you within the half-hour.

"The little half-hour at home, oh yes," so we decorated on gala days. "Why I know much of what she would tell me by a glance at her window."

A few paces away a jewelry store flashes admiring sight-seers the motto, "Industry, Energy, Enterprise," in letters of un-set precious gems. The methods of 1909 hob-nobbing with old-world customs, so suggestive, so very emblematic of the strangely-diverse units that are joining hands to evolve the wonderful city of Edmonton of ten and twenty years hence.

Boat-shaped bicycle floats, lantern-lit, flash merrily past, rockets pierce the deep-blue of the sky, hands flare up, and rollicking school-children's voices float by in a light-hearted badinage. The wonderful six months baby the toist has come and gone in a flash of color, even the great man himself, with his escort, the torch-bearers, and the great concourse of people in his wake, are away before I have time to realize it. For all that makes this new province what it is, the heroism of her homesteaders, the spell of the great lone North, the beauty of the fertile South, with her grandeur of mountains and unshorn fields for which the speech of England has no name, the Prairies, has risen up in a gracious incense to the eye of my mind, and as I feel the spell and magic of this new Eden, I feel also the pomp and splendor of the British Empire.

PEGGY.

WHEN THE BOSS CAME BACK AGAIN

Nobody but Miss O'Reilly, stenographer to the president, would have dared to suggest and carry through such a plan. The President was to be out of town for a day, so Miss O'Reilly proposed that the small office force consisting of herself, Miss Ray, Joe Stevens, Mr. Johnson, the two clerks, and a bulbous office boy, should celebrate the occasion by having a spread. To add a spice of danger to the feast, she decided that it should be given in the President's own private office.

"Oh, say, Millie," gasped Miss Ray, who was red-headed, beautiful and brainless. "You would never dare!" Miss O'Reilly tipped her impudent chin into the air. "Wouldn't I?" she retorted. "You just get a seat in the grand stand and you'll see."

Borne along by the dominant spirit of Miss O'Reilly, the others entered into the affair with the greatest zest. The next morning Miss O'Reilly arrived at 8 o'clock, carrying a box of sandwiches and parcels of cakes, crackers, pickles, salted nuts and other delicacies. Miss Ray, who had learned to make chicken salad at a cooking school, but who apparently had never learned anything else, came in with her contribution and informed Miss O'Reilly pitiously that she had had a perfectly terrible time getting there with her burden, the car was so full.

"I know my hair looks a fright," she said excitedly, trying to tuck in stray locks with a hand which she had already been poking back inquisitive bits of chicken when they tried to peep out of the dish. "It looks fierce, all right," said Miss O'Reilly, comfortably, "but don't you care?"

The two clerks were to furnish ice cream. Mr. Johnson also brought, as a special delicacy, a long black sausage, which he had been told was great stuff after you got used to it. It was a revolting thing to look at, and its natural loathsomeness was added by the fact that it was tied up with dainty blue bows.

About noon they assembled around the big table in the President's room, upon which Miss O'Reilly and Miss Ray had spread the luncheon. Just as they were about to be seated the telephone bell rang. Miss O'Reilly took down the receiver, and after a moment's one-sided conversation hung it up again.

"It's the ice-cream," she explained to the others, "They're sending it up now. Joe, you go and see that the man gets to the right place."

Joe went to the door and flung it open, then fell back with a look of consternation on his face and making strangling sounds in his throat. He backed up to the table, and would have sat down in the salad had not Miss Ray down to the rescue. The others were standing in a group at the end of the table, giving verbal assistance to Mr. Johnson, who was trying to open a can of sardines with his penknife.

At the sound of the commotion caused by Joe's extraordinary behavior Miss O'Reilly looked over at him and Miss Ray, then past them to the doorway and straight into the face of the president.

Afterwards Miss O'Reilly insisted that she felt like thirty cents worth of dog's meat at that particular moment, but to the amazed and completely withered company there never had been anything quite so grand as she was at that moment.

Advancing without a falter, she welcomed the unexpected guest.

"Well, well!" she said. "Ain't this lovely?"

"I was obliged to return rather unexpectedly to me—and to you, also, I think," said the president, smiling a stately, presidential smile.

There was, however, incipient coldness in his tone, which threatened presently to congeal utterly. The ice man about the table shivered and hid. But they had counted without their Miss O'Reilly. Not for a moment did she lose her command of the situation.

"Well," she said, cordially, "I can't say that we did expect you, but it's the unexpected pleasures that's always the best. We were just about to have lunch, Mr. Mortimer, and if you'll sit at the head of the table, I'll sit down here."

For a brief second the president hesitated and glanced with an air of embarrassment about the circle of anxious faces. Then he walked to the place indicated by Miss O'Reilly, waited courteously until she was seated and then sunk with stately grace into his own chair. Miss O'Reilly beamed around her.

"Pitch in people," she said, heartily. "We aren't going to have no cold feet." She reached over for a plate of sand-

wiches and passed them to Mr. Johnson, who sat in a more or less comatose condition at her right. Mr. Johnson held out a timorous hand toward the plate, then let it fall helplessly on the cloth. He grasped the edge of the table with both hands and started to rise to his feet.

"I guess I got a goin'," he faltered. "I forgot I had an appointment to take lunch with a friend of mine to-day. I never thought of it until just this minute."

Miss O'Reilly held a firm hand on arm. "No, you don't, Johnny," she said, kindly. "You got a stay and eat with us."

Mr. Johnson sunk back into his seat.

"Look here," said Miss O'Reilly seriously, "I want to suggest a motto for this luncheon party. It's this: Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow the choppy block'll be ready for you." She paused a moment. "Now," he went on, "it's up to the bunch to say whether we have a good time or just a plain frost, on this last occasion when we shall be gathered together in a sociable way."

She smiled saucily at the president and several pairs of anxious eyes followed hers.

For a moment there was silence. Then the president said: "I wish to suggest an improvement for your motto, Miss O'Reilly. I propose that we make it, 'Eat, drink and be merry to-day and to-morrow—forget it.'"

A faint sigh of relief, like a little breath of applause, swept about the circle. The little daring smile died out of Miss O'Reilly's eyes. She waved her glass of lemonade toward the president, a look of admiration on her face.

"People," she cried, "here's to the best boss in Chicago!"

Even Mr. Johnson found breath enough to join in the shout. "Hooraay!"—Chicago Daily News.

HAVE 1505 ACRES IN FALL WHEAT

The Washington-Alberta Land Co. has had 1505 acres of land broken within eight miles of Crossfield, and have seeded to fall wheat 1505 acres this year. They figure to have at least a thousand acres broken the coming year by teams outside of what they may do themselves. They have recently purchased from Mr. Schultz, who is now in Queensland, the south-east quarter of section 2-2-28 west of the 4th. They have also bought the south-west quarter of 36-28-29 west of the 4th, from Mr. Lee, of Alex.—Crossfield Chronicle.

WONDERFUL TALES

"Exaggeration may well become a lost art in describing the western crop," said J. Bruce Walker this morning after returning from an extensive trip throughout the west. Mr. Walker travelled from Winnipeg to Kamsack, to Warren, to Zealantha, to Dundurn, to Regina, to Moose Jaw, and over the Outlook branch to Tuxford. While away he saw the rare sight of a binder being drawn by a gas engine and followed by six gang plows, which plowed the stubble land simultaneously in the taking off of the crop. Harvest hands following the binder stroked the grain on the plowed land. Mr. Walker declared there can be no exaggeration to this year's crop, as he saw it. There were sheaves of grain that would actually tax a man's strength to handle conveniently and they were of the bright yellow variety that almost dazzled the eye.—Winnipeg Telegram.

Misses—Bridget it always seems to me that the crankiest mistresses get the best cooks. Cook—Ah, go on wild yer glarey!—Town Topics.

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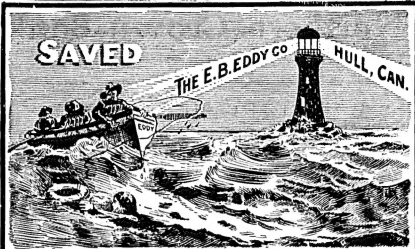
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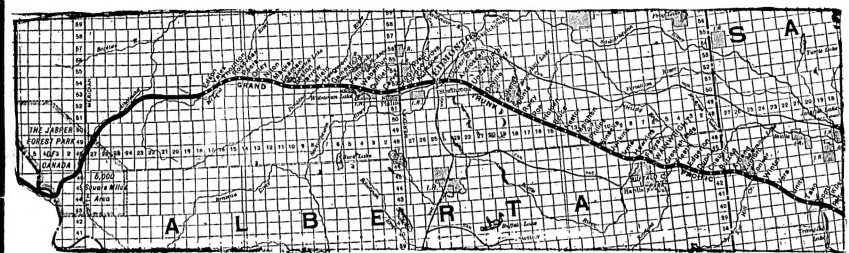
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Those still desiring copies should not delay in sending in their orders.

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A limited amount of advertising space is still available.

The opportunity to introduce themselves to buyers throughout this great stretch of country is one that every wide-awake business man should take advantage of.

To Edmonton particularly, this new field for business enterprise means much. Isn't it worth something to get your name before the people and your claims on their attention at the opening of this new era in the city's commercial growth?

For further information write, telephone or call around at 39 Howard Avenue.

The Alberta Homestead
Telephone 1961
Edmonton

Hockley & Co.**Smart
Fall
Suitings**

The young man who wishes to see what is being worn this fall in the larger centres of fashion should visit Hockley & Co's store. There he will find exactly what he is looking for.

Dark Greys

are the prevailing shades for fall and supplemented with the expert workmanship that is executed in this shop guarantees the reputation this shop enjoys for fine, stylish clothes.

Hockley & Co.**The Double
Track
Route To**

Detroit, London, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal, and all points in the New England States and Eastern Canada. THE ONLY DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE TO NEW YORK VIA NIAGARA FALLS. Stop-over privileges at Duluth, St. Paul, Chicago and above mentioned points. Equipment and Service Unexcelled.

Write, phone or call for information, rates, reservations etc. Ask for "Vistac."

A. E. DUFF,
Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.
260 Portage Ave, Winnipeg, Man.



**Printing and Developing
for Amateurs**

BEST RESULTS ASSURED

Mail us your films and write for price list

**623 FIRST ST.
Edmonton**

The undersigned, desiring to give to the City of Edmonton and to himself the musical advantages of a Metropolitan centre has induced

Signor Giulio Dina
of the

**Royal Conservatory
of Milan**

to agree to come to reside in Edmonton on condition that twenty-five pupils will be enrolled before his arrival and therefore invites communications from Ladies and Gentlemen interested in obtaining lessons in Vocal Culture according to the Melba-Carus method.

Dr. A. C. de L. Harwood,
Rooms, 9-11 Credit Foncier Bldg.

Where the Shops Beckon

In my four years of life in Edmonton it has been my interesting pastime to see the city, its people and shops grow and develop. Of the advancement of the first two named this week's ball gives ample evidence, but now I want to tell you of a little shop, which I myself saw started, a rather modest, little shop around the corner of Second street, where two bright, capable American women started a hair goods and manicuring establishment, believing that Edmonton was sufficiently advanced, even then, to support one.

As I said, it was an unpretentious affair, a few really good dressing table accessories, some puffs and switches and other aids to a beautifully dressed coiffure, and the clever fingers of the women who started the enterprise, representing the entire stock in trade. But they knew their business, and it wasn't long before the smartest dressers and most prominent women in town were numbered among their clientele. Having gained their object in attracting the custom they desired, the question, how to keep them became a live issue to these two women. They were determined to give the best service procurable, and to have a little shop of such quality that both the travelling public and the residents of the Capital could get right here in Edmonton the same care and experience they could anywhere. And so they plunged.

Week by week new show cases were added, which in turn were filled with all the most up-to-date and choicest aids to the toilet known to the trade. Electrical appliances were bought, the staff was steadily added to, until at present the Alberta Hair Goods Co. have grown right out of the premises, their very large amount of business making any further stay in their present quarters impossible.

By the most scrupulous care and absolute cleanliness, by exercising such sanitary methods as have commended themselves to every patron, who has once entered their premises the doctors have finally come to sending their patients for scalp and skin treatment, until today they have one of the finest businesses west of Winnipeg. In fact I much doubt if even including that thriving city in their own line, there is one to compare with it. So has their faith and enterprise been justified.

At every ball, in every theatrical performance, at social affairs generally the luxuriously arranged coiffures of the women are evidence of how they have mastered the art of dressing hair to perfection, and to the most advantage.

Their new quarters at 235 Jasper avenue west are now in the form and style of a studio, furnished with the most discriminating taste, and replete with every convenience for careful choice in hair and toilet table accessories. The new premises are in the most convenient and fashionable neighborhood in town, and are sure to gain new friends by its change of environment. No better preparations than their famous creams, lotions, tonics, etc., are to be found anywhere; reliance may be placed in the assurances given for the results of the more complicated productions, and in ultra-refinement in every particular, their other preparations are very carefully prepared.

At present they have just opened an enormous stock of new sanitary brushes, tortoise-shell combs, pins, combs, theatrical wigs, etc., that will make it possible for all their old and new patrons to select what they will.

WHAT THE PRESS AGENTS SAY**Starland**

Among the many interesting programmes presented at this popular family theatre, there are some that stand out prominently, and are well worthy of special comment. "Vercingetorix" is a very interesting film. It is the story of the early Gaul hero who led his people against the formidable Julius Caesar. Another "The Gold Prospector" is a hand-colored film by Pathe, and held the interest of the audience to the very end.

The management is to be congratulating upon securing Miss Forsythe to render the illustrated songs. Miss Forsythe, whose friends in Edmonton are legion, is well known as an accomplished singer, with an extremely pleasant personality.

The programme for next week will comprise many numbers of extreme local interest. On Monday and Tuesday, pictures will be shown of Edmonton streets in their gala dress of last week, also views of the laying of the corner stone by His Excellency the Governor-General. These pic-

CAMPBELL FURNITURE COMPANY

Alberta's Best
Furniture Store

EMPIRE BLOCK
CORNER OF FIRST AND JASPER

Highest Quality
Lowest Prices

We have now pleasure in announcing an all round

REDUCTION IN PRICES

The quality of our goods will continue, as heretofore, to be of the **HIGHEST POSSIBLE STANDARD.** Cash or Deferred Payments as desired.

tures are well worth seeing and no doubt will be greeted by crowded houses.

HOME AND SOCIETY

(Continued from page seven)

Mrs. Hislop will resume her former reception day, the last Friday of the month.

Senator and Mrs. Roy and their family left for Ottawa on Tuesday.

Mrs. Wilfred Harrison was the hostess of a small bridge in honor of her visitor Miss Francis Butterfield on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Howard C. Ritchie (nee Henderson, of Toronto) will receive for the first time at her residence, 110 MacKay avenue, on Thursday, October 14, from three to six.

PEGGY.

Free lessons in embroidery to be continued under the management of Miss Bachelder, an experienced teacher from the East who has been giving lessons for some time for Helling Paul Co. For all particulars apply at our store. **Littles, 18 Jasper East.**

It wouldn't have required MUCH more persuasion in your ad. to have brought one hundred more buyers to your store to-day.

The ad-reader "knows"—knows about stores, goods, prices, values. In fact, knows "what's what."

THE DISCERNING PUBLIC

Appreciate our 50c. per lb.

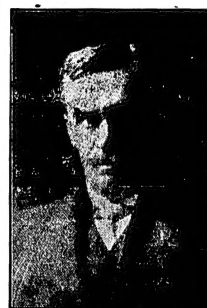
Chocolates

We appreciate a discerning Public.

BAILLIE-HAMILTON'S

215 JASPER AVE. WEST

PHONE, 1830.



RODOLPH FORGET, M.P.

A very successful Montreal Financier.

The Lindsay Walker Co.
61 Fraser Avenue, - Edmonton

**Western Canada's :
Greatest Advertisers**

**We paint and post publicity matter
throughout the entire continent of
North America : : : :**

H. J. Fleming, - Local Agent

The Saturday News—12 pages—15 months—to Jan. 1st 1911—\$2.00

Thompson's Ladies' Wear



You'll Find Suit Satisfaction Here

We have just received 27 suits, different styles made of all wool materials.

The coats are 45 inches long and the new plaited skirt coat is lined through with satin.

On Sale
Sat. & Mon.
For
\$25.00

These are the best value we have ever offered.

T. S.
Thompson,
LADIES' WEAR
107 Jasper West

NOTICE!

We now have one of the largest and most complete stocks of the finest millinery in the city. A large shipment of trimming just received from New York. The goods and prices are extensive.

MAUDE FARRELL
The Toronto Millinery Store 143 Jasper W.
One door east of Hamilton's Bar Co.

Turner's Orchestra
For Dances, etc.
788 SIXTH ST. EDMONTON
Phone, 2033

You May Depend Upon It

Our first determination is to give you correct advice regarding your eyesight because your good will is worth as much as your money. If you do not need glasses you will be frankly told so. If you are told that you do need them, you may depend upon it. As to the fit, we assume all the responsibility.

JOHNSON & HUBBS
THE OPTICIANS
Phone 1045. 129 Jasper Ave. W.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

At the Lyric, Calgary
Miss May Roberts-Gifford appeared at the Lyric on October 4th, in the three act society drama entitled *Madam Satan*, which will be played three nights, followed by *Raffles*, after which the company moves on to the Opera House at Edmonton. At next sound, *Madam Satan*, as the name of a play might sound weird or perhaps unappealing. Some might think the title would introduce them to something doubtful, but there is nothing in this play to hurt the susceptibilities of the most profane, though it deals with a well known and difficult subject. The story deals with the career of a brilliant woman with a title who is living on the edge of high society and has been skating on thin ice, but wishes to redeem herself. So she trusts herself to two wealthy girls of good English family, by having a hold of a sinister nature in one who is not aware of it, though her sister is and feels compelled to invite her to the house. The fact of the adventures being seen in the company of the two girls, means ruin to them, socially though the adventures, she thinks she can pull herself up through them. In comes Sir Horace Wilby, a wealthy Englishman in love with one of the girls, Alice Varney, who is protecting her sister, and in dread of the adventures.

The baronet, in a civil matter of fact way, starts in to foil the adventures. She, however, has all the best of the dual up to the second act when in the third act the tables are turned and the woman is defeated. We cannot help giving a good deal of sympathy to the woman as she retires defeated, and the play sends away revealing a good deal in our minds and carrying with us thoughts that will take a good deal of digesting. Why should the woman be at ways beaten in a contest of this description?

This play is well acted all through, the interest well sustained. The dual of wits, cynicism and personality is kept right up to the end. Miss May Roberts-Gifford is a brilliant woman and looks and acts her part well, yet never overdoes it. It is a clear portrayal of the titled adventures who lives by her wits and is not scrupulous in her methods, that may make some of us familiar to those acquainted with European capitals of German Spain. She is well sustained by L. Victor Gifford as Sir Horace Wilby, who is terse and dry, so gives the desired contrast to other characters, and sustains his racial characteristics right through, winning out by his sang froid and nerve. The part of his companion Mr. Foley is very cleverly rendered by Miss Margaret Nugent, very human and very true to life. The other parts all fit into their places and make up a very good second performance of a very cleverly acted play, which rivets the attention to the stage right through.

The freckles of the ladies are very smart. The house was not nearly as large as the company deserved, but any one that wishes to see a bit of a good thing, a play well staged should be well repaid by patronizing this company in its brief stay in our midst, as there is a metropolitan touch in their performance not seen elsewhere in this region.

At the Empire

The best ever was the variety presented by the Empire on the 24th, as it was the Empire every night last week. The bill was excellent in every way, and the performance was excellent in every way.

class of shows he is presenting and the people of Edmonton are showing their appreciation by their generous patronage.

The bill was opened by the Levolo, a pair of performers on the slack wire. Their work was sensational and was culminated by the male member of the duo, ending a bicycle and a motorcycle on the wire.

George Winfield and Co. present a comedy sketch "Am I your wife?" which is a laugh from beginning to end. The fun centres around the receipt of a code telegraph and the coming and going of team brothers. Winfield takes the part of both brothers, his work is very good and he is supported by Miss Wilmer. It is without doubt the best sketch seen in this play house.

Hebrew comedians we have seen without end, but Shayne and King, singers of the Ghetto are the real thing. They have the Jewish cast of countenance, size of feet and all the accompanying gestures, while their pronunciation could not be beaten. They had the audience in a roar of laughter from start to finish.

Elythe Star, a song-typical song-writer, plays the piano excellently. Her rendering of classical music was very good.

The Kentucky Girls were splendid. Unlike most girl acts, Bunch and Alger have good voices and know how to use them. They have a selection of new songs and the finale "See Saw" is as novel and entertaining.

Miss Alice Pinckton sings the illustrated song "I'm at home in any old place" in her usual spirited manner.

The bill was closed by the Donatella and Facenda Troupe. They are novelty vocalists and instrumentalists and to say their work is wonderful is putting it mildly. Each is a skilled performer on one or more instruments. The one lady of the troupe was very versatile and sang, danced and played herself into the favor of the audience. The quartet in which the harp, accordion, Italian horn and mandolin were used was a revelation.

Moving pictures closed a delightful evening's entertainment.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Calgary is going into Rugby football with an enthusiasm that is admirable. A strong city league, comprising Y. M. C. A., Hillhurst, and the Tigers, is commencing its season and excitement is at fever heat. Recent dispatches from that city seem to make Y. M. C. A. favorites for the championship, but they seem doubtful whether the pick of Calgary, an defeat Edmonton in the Thanksgiving Day feature.

The Y. M. C. A. team is composed of veterans. Their line is husky with those back division is tricky and reliable. The Tigers are younger, men who trust to their speed, position and knowledge of the finer points of the game to win against a heavier team. Hillhurst is the dark horse of the league, but has an experienced coach and as he has a squad of husky well conditioned men to work on, they may come through with a big surprise.

However, this city league talk from Calgary is not worrying the Edmonton Epigones in the least. They are pursuing the even tenor of their way and on Thanksgiving Day promise to deal out a little surprise package to the champions of the single season. As Edmonton is the team, it is very difficult to arrange any festive features. Last Saturday a match was played with Tommy Dickson's Islanders. A splendid prize was the result with the score 10-0 in favor of the Epigones. The winner of the Edmonton team was a real one. The winner were in the hall at the Epigones and a majority of the Epigones were due to their past following in an undivided tracking. The score was 10-0.

are a husky trio, with the old Rough Rider war horse, Puopet, in centre and it would be hard to find their equal in the West. The back division play together well and hit the line like an express train. With about three weeks more for hard practice the team should put up the game of their lives this fall. Mr. Belanger, vice-president of the club is taking a great interest in the team and is a regular attendant at practices, where his coaching is very much appreciated. Thanksgiving Day Calgary play at Edmonton, while on the following Saturday the two teams meet in the southern city. The team scoring the majority of points in the two games wins the championship of Alberta and hold the Belanger Cup emblematic of their success.

FIRST GAME FOR RUTHERFORD CUP

Edmonton and Strathcona high schools clashed last week in the first game for the Rutherford Cup. The game was played on the exhibition grounds before a large crowd. The lady supporters were out in force and their rooting spurred on the rival teams to great efforts.

The home team were always on the offensive in the first half, but seemed unlucky in their shots on goal. The half time score being 0-0. In the second half the Edmonton forwards got their combination working in the style and, taking advantage of every mistake of the Strathcona defence managed to put through four goals. The Strathcona forwards played a good game but were unable to penetrate the Edmonton defence with any success. Full time score, 4-0.

Mr. J. W. Ward refereed in his usual satisfactory style.

The teams lined up as follows: Edmonton (4)—Goal, Lynn; backs, Gillespie, Hicks; halves, Belcher, Treble, Duncan; forwards, Dean, Goodrich, Keffer and Muller. Strathcona (10)—Goal, McKernan; backs, Robertson, Rogers; halves, Clarke, O'Brien, Sutherland; forwards, Grant, Doherty, Scarborough, Clark.

For Thanksgiving Day, October 25th the Canadian Pacific Railway Company announces a rate of fare and one third for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale October 22nd to October 25th inclusive, final return limit October 25th.

Phone 1839. Ambulance Service

Andrews & Sons

Undertakers

Prompt attention to day or night calls
524 Nazamoy Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

HOTEL

Martha Washington
NEW YORK'S
Exclusive Woman's Hotel
29 East 29th St. near 5th Avenue

Restaurant and Tea Room for men and women. Convenient to Subway and cross town car line.
Centre of Theatre and Shopping District.
Rates, \$1.00 and up
Breakfast Plan 40c rooms with telephone. Single free on each floor. FRANKLIN A. W. EAGER

LOT FOR SALE CHEAP

One of the best building lots in Edmonton, corner of 12th and McKay streets.
Apply Box P.
Saturday News Office.

EDMONTON'S GREATEST BOOK HOUSE

This Week's Special:

Linen Writing Paper FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE

A Genuine Snap 1 pound of red English 50c.
Letter Size 120 Sheets to Box

An opportunity you can't afford to miss. For we are very enthusiastic over this special offer. There is quality as well as quantity in every box. Which is a guarantee you are buying the real goods at just half regular price.

This Week Only

THE DOUGLAS CO., LTD.

Beautiful Hair

is so easily and quickly acquired by the use of **Jasper Hair Tonic & Shampoo** that it is a wonder why anyone is troubled with falling hair, brittleness or dryness or any scalp trouble whatever. Try it once no matter what hair trouble you have and it will soon disappear.

Jasper Hair Tonic 75c per bottle
Jasper Hair Shampoo 25c per bottle

Edmonton Drug Co., Ltd.

F. W. RICHARDSON
154 JASPER AVE. E. TELEPHONE 1550

STORE CLOSED ON FRIDAY

Corner Stone Day

Specials for Saturday

Having bought a large consignment of Ontario Grapes, red, blue and green, we are making a special offer on Saturday of full sized basket for 50c.
Ripe Tomatoes, 5 lbs. for 25c, per crate of 20 lbs. 75c.
Peaches, per crate \$1.65
Plums, per basket 10c, per crate \$1.45

VERY SPECIAL

Two one pound tins of guaranteed Baking Powder for 25c

City Grocery Co.

HIGH-CLASS GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FRESH MEATS, VEGETABLES AND FISH AT LOWEST PRICES

Phone 1813 Cor Eighth and Jasper

CALDER

is selling quickly and houses are already in course of construction.

THE

right class of people are buying. Grand Trunk men, contractors and business men who have used good judgment.

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

Shops and Roundhouse are within 200 yards of the near corner of Calder and the

TOWN

that will be built up within the next three years should at least have a population of 3,000 people.

Lots 50x125 ft., street 66 ft. and lanes 20 ft. wide.
Terms: cash, balance 1 and 2 years at 7.

See Calder and you will buy.

Calder Land Co., Ltd.

J. R. McINTOSH

Norwood Block. Agent

EUTHYCOL TOOTH PASTE

Take Care of Your Teeth

To retain good teeth requires constant watchfulness.

Have your dentist look over them frequently. We shall be pleased to fill his prescriptions for you, or supply you with the best tooth paste, powder and tooth brush.

Sisson's Drug Store

Wize Block, 544 Jasper Ave. West
Phone 1717